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Lyra Memorialis.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS,
CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
JOSEPH SNOW.

WITH AN ESSAY, BY WORDSWORTH.



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TO
FRANCES ELIZABETH,
WIFE OF
WILLIAM COURTHOPE, ESQ.

SOMERSET HERALD,

This little Volume

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HER AFFECTIONATE RELATIVE,

J. S.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little volume appeals and appeals only to thoughtful and religious minds. If it fall into the hands of the careless and inconsiderate it will be rejected as dull, or as evoking images, and treating of subjects, which it is the object of the world to lay aside. The real purpose of the Author is to illuminate the "Dark Valley" with the glorious light of Gospel truth, to fling the radiance of hope around the Christian's tomb, to rob death of its victory and the grave of its sting, and to strengthen the faith of the timid, by proclaiming Death not as the *King of Terrors* but as the *Prince of Peace*. A word of the Author! After a long life of struggle he has found by Royal favour an unsolicited home in Charterhouse. If he has not found there the comfort which under official authority he expected, and which official courtesy had promised, comfort to which age without reproach and poverty not dishonourable have a natural claim, the fault lies not with the Institution itself, but rather with those to whom the administration of large funds, under great responsibilities, has been entrusted. He desires, however, in whatever state and under all conditions to be content. Official scorn and the proud

ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IT needs scarcely be said, that an epitaph presupposes a monument, upon which it is to be engraven. Almost all nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their dead are interred. Among savage tribes unacquainted with letters, this has mostly been done either by rude stones placed near the graves, or by mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire—first, to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach or from savage violation; and secondly, to preserve their memory. “Never any,” says Camden, “neglected burial but some savage nations; as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mecænas, who was

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wont to say, *Non tumulum curo ; sepelit natura relictos.*

I'm careless of a grave :—Nature her dead will save."

As soon as nations had learned the use of letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon these monuments ; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived monuments and epitaphs from two sources of feeling : but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. The invention of epitaphs, Weever, in his *Discourse of Funeral Monuments*, says rightly, " proceeded from the presage or fore-feeling of immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, who flourished about the year of the world 2700 ; who first bewailed this Linus, their master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him *CElina*, afterwards *Epitaphia*, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraved upon the sepulchres."

And, verily, without the consciousness of a principle of immortality in the human soul, man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows : mere love, or the yearning of kind towards kind, could not have produced it. The dog or horse perishes in the field, or in the stall, by the side of his companions, and is incapable of anticipating the sorrow with which his surrounding associates shall

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bemoan his death, or pine for his loss; he cannot pre-conceive this regret, he can form no thought of it; and therefore cannot possibly have a desire to leave such regret or remembrance behind him. Add to the principle of love, which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of reason which exists in man alone; will the conjunction of these account for the desire? Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of this conjunction; yet not, I think, as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought—viz., that of an intimation or assurance within us that some part of our nature is imperishable. At least the precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling to the other, is unquestionable. If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual being, the mind was without this assurance; whereas, the wish to be remembered by our friends or kindred after death, or even in absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the *social* feelings have been developed, and the reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow, or any other

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irrational creature, is endowed ; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child ; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death ; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what had been instilled into him ! Has such an unfold of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of children upon the subject of origination ? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions : for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the *whence*, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the *whither*. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another : “ Towards what abyss is it in progress ? What receptacle can contain the mighty influx ? ” And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, accompanied perhaps with

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an image gathered from a map, or from the real object in nature—these might have been the *letter*, but the *spirit* of the answer must have been *as* inevitably—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions ;—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the sense of immortality, if not a co-existent and twin birth with reason, is amongst the earliest of her offspring: and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations, but the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love ; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute, that, if the impression and sense of death were not thus

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counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding betwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful, that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow.—If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that man is an immortal being; and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed; it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corse of an unknown person lying by the sea-side; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient philo-

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sopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt, saying, " See the shell of the flown bird ! " But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought, to which that other sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being ; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corse of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal soul. Each of these sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature ; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connexion than that of contrast. It is a connexion formed through the subtle progress by which, both in

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the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets, conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birth-place in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life: and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts, till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the author of that species of composition, the laws of which it is our present purpose to explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral monument is a tribute to a man as a human being; and that an epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve

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the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and for the common benefit of the living : which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, in *close connexion with the bodily remains of the deceased* : and these, it may be added, among the modern nations of Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to, their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the walls of towns and cities ; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the way-sides.

I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminate upon the beauty which the monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature—from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness, or in compliance with the invitation, “ Pause, Traveller ! ” so often found upon the monuments. And to its epitaph also must

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have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of life as a journey—death as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of misfortune as a storm that falls suddenly upon him—of beauty as a flower that passeth away, or of innocent pleasure as one that may be gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a rock against the beating waves—of hope “undermined insensibly like the poplar by the side of the river that has fed it,” or blasted in a moment like a pine-tree by the stroke of lightning upon the mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected fountain. These, and similar suggestions, must have given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that nature with which it was in unison.—We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of

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men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay, which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare in imagination the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery, in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenuous poet of the present day. The subject of his poem is "All Saints Church, Derby:" he has been deploring the forbidding and unseemly appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish, that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the inhabitants of large towns in the country:—

" Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot,
Where healing Nature her benignant look
Ne'er changes, save at that lorn season, when,
With tresses drooping o'er her sable stole,

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She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man,
Her noblest work, (so Israel's virgins erst,
With annual moan upon the mountains wept
Their fairest gone,) there in that rural scene,
So placid, so congenial to the wish
The Christian feels of peaceful rest within
The silent grave, I would have strayed :

.
— wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven
Lay on the humbler graves around, what time
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely muse,
'Twere brooding on the dead inhumed beneath.
There, while with him, the holy man of Uz,
O'er human destiny I sympathized,
Counting the long, long periods prophecy
Decrees to roll, ere the great day arrives
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed Spring
Had met me with her blossoms, as the dove,
Of old, returned with olive-leaf, to cheer
The patriarch mourning o'er a world destroyed :
And I would bless her visit ; for to me
'Tis sweet to trace the consonance that links
As one, the works of Nature and the word
Of God."——

JOHN EDWARDS.

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A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population; and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the ancients, with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness which attend the celebration of the Sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish church, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead—a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in cities and in villages, the dead are deposited in close connexion with our places of worship, with us the composition of an epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon departed worth—upon personal or social sorrow and admiration—upon religion, individual and social—upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contains nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought

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to contain some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend, perhaps, inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the solid virtues, of the tenant of the grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This, and a pious admonition to the living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand churchyards; and it does not often happen that anything, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the dead or to the living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his *Essay upon the Epitaphs of Pope*, to two causes: first, the scantiness of the objects of human praise; and secondly, the want of variety in the characters of men; or, to use his own words, "to the fact, that the greater part of mankind have no character at all." Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a critic and a moralist speaking seriously upon a serious subject. The

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objects of admiration in human nature are not scanty, but abundant; and every man has a character of his own, to the eye that has skill to perceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in sepulchral memorials is this: that to analyse the characters of others, especially of those whom we love, is not a common or natural employment of men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the minds of those who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us; with whom we have been long and daily pleased or delighted. The affections are their own justification. The light of love in our hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is discriminated in them from an excellence known by the same general name as it exists in the mind of another; and least of all, do we incline to these refinements when under the pressure of sorrow, admiration, or regret, or when actuated by any of those feelings which incite men to prolong the memory of their friends and kindred, by records placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalizing receptacle of the dead.

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The first requisite, then, in an epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of death—the source from which an epitaph proceeds; of death and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless other excellencies be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellencies are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition. It will be found to lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception conveyed to the reader's mind of the individual whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least, of his character, as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lament his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified by particular thoughts, actions, images,—circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnized into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two

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powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The reader ought to know who and what the man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the individual lamented. But the writer of an epitaph is not an anatomist, who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquillity: his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen, no—nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualizes and beautifies it; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely, may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered?—It is truth, and of the highest order! for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist, yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view, which before had been

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only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and the affections of the living! This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! Enmity melts away; and as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity vanish; and through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a man to the tombstone on which shall be inscribed an epitaph on his adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an idle tale?—No; the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the writer's mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on earth, walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a spirit in heaven.

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It suffices, therefore, that the trunk and the main branches of the worth of the deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented. Any further detail, minutely and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and antithetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing spectator to this conclusion,—either that the dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits, or at least, during the act of composition, had lost sight of them; for the understanding having been so busy in its petty occupation, how could the heart of the mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried person or the survivors, the memorial is unaffecting and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labour it unfeelingly. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points, of nature and condition, wherein all men resemble each other, as in the temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the grave which gathers all human beings to itself, and “equalizes the lofty and the low.” We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love, and are anxious for one another in one spirit;

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our hopes look to the same quarter ; and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported—as patience, meekness, good-will, temperance, and temperate desires—are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature ; nor let the sense of their importance be sacrificed to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character ; which if they do not, (as will for the most part be the case,) when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place ; for as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing of them be interesting only to a few. But an epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious ; it is exposed to all, to the wise and the most ignorant ; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard : its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent may not be deterred nor the impatient tired : the stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book ;—the child is proud that he can read it ;—and the stranger is introduced by its mediation to the company of a friend : it is concerning all, and for all :—in the churchyard it is open to the day ; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it.

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Yet, though the writer who would excite sympathy is bound in this case more than in any other to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered, that to raise a monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing ungovernable or wholly involuntary. Seemliness requires this, and truth requires it also; for how can the narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a grave is a tranquillizing object: resignation in course of time springs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf with which it may be covered, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraven, might seem to reproach the author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion, though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral oration or elegiac poem.

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These sensations and judgments, acted upon, perhaps, unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why epitaphs so often personate the deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own tombstone. The departed mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone—that a state of rest is come ; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior being performing the office of a judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is death disarmed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantialized. By this tender fiction, the survivors bind themselves to a sedate sorrow, and employ the intervention of the imagination in order that the reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the living and the dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed, that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an epitaph should be cast in this mould preferably to the

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still more common one, in which what is said comes from the survivors directly, but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws, which ought to govern the composition of the other, may be better understood. This latter mode—namely, that in which the survivors speak in their own persons—seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable, as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the *general* ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public men, in all instances, save of those persons who, by the greatness of their services in the employments of peace or war, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in art, literature, or science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In

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describing the general tenour of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the *actions* of a man, or even some *one* conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed. The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches in such a place, nor of delineations of character to individualize them. This is already done by their works in the memories of men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration; or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue; or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual power,—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—the only offering that upon such an altar would not be unworthy!

“ What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,

ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS.

Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

. The foregoing Essay was furnished by the author
for Mr. Coleridge's periodical work, "The Friend." It
is here reprinted by Mr. Wordsworth's permission.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

INVITATION.

"Come with us, and we will do you good."

THOUGH meets thee here nor voice nor sound,
Let thine own thoughts find speech,
And Thou shalt learn on "Holy Ground,"
Truths which the heart may reach ;
Lessons of Wisdom more profound,
Than tongue or Book can teach.
The Church her arms protecting throws ;
Her Spire, with gentle warning, bids
Grief lift to Heav'n the drooping lids,
Pointing the source whence comfort flows :
And as it daily passes round,
Its shadowy finger counts each mound,
As if to watch the sleeper's deep repose.

INVITATION.

Crosses—of trials, conflicts, speak,

By Living borne—by Dead o'erpast;

Of high Resolve, of Patience meek,

Of Faith enduring to the last.

Here steadfast Love, and Memory true,

Find symbols in th' unchanging Yew ;

The Grass and Flowers, with meaning rife,

Preach Life in Death, and Death in Life ;

And every Nettle, Brier, and Weed,

If rightly read, are Wisdom's Seed—

Home of the sleeping dust to humble hearts !

Some moral lesson every Tomb imparts ;

• Peopled with Angels is thy still domain,

Nor seeks the eye that's spiritual in vain.

Come, then, put off the world awhile, and tread,

With serious feet, the City of the Dead !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

I.

"Your sins are forgiven for His name's sake."

THREE happy Child! e'en weeping Parents know
The glorious truth thy life and death have shown;
Infants baptized are living saints below,
And dead, are angels nearest to the Throne.

II.

"A barren and dry land, where no water is."

BARREN and dry thy lot below,
Nor water cheered thy desert land;
How welcome now the streams that flow
For evermore at God's right hand!

III.

"Thy warfare is accomplished."

THOU, Warrior of the Cross, whose wounds avouch
Thy warfare stern, vanquished are all thy foes;
For Death prepares the laurel and the couch,
And leads at once to glory and repose.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XI.

"Weep ye not for the dead."

Go, enter paths of sorrow—
To-day the stern behest—
But thus reversed to-morrow,
Come, enter into rest.*

XII.

"And he was transfigured before them."

On Tabor's mount, Christ show'd the Holy Threet†
The glorious body which each saint should be ;
And this dark grave may prove, in Death's despite,
The Tabor of transfigured life and light.

XIII.

"To do good, forget not."

WITHIN the light of gospel truth he stood !
By this pure glass his soul he daily drest ;
A talent kings may envy he possess—
THE TALENT TO DO GOOD !‡

* An infant.

† Peter, James, and John.

‡ Irving.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XIV.

" Her children call her blessed."

IN her each woman's Christian grace was blent :
Prayerful as *Anna*—both to watch and seek ;
Dorcas not more on charity intent ;
Devout as *Lydia* ; and as *Mary* meek.

XV.

" Now is Christ risen and become the first fruits."

WE die and disappear !
Of myriads passed within the veil, but one
Has e'er returned the mystery to clear !
He—God's incarnate Son !
Then was the dark obscure made bright,
O'er Death and Grave the victory was won,
And life immortal brought to light !
Great first fruits of the sleeping ! grant that He
Who rests below may but have slept in Thee !

XVI.

" Remember how short my time is."

MY night is come, and thine, perchance, is near,
For who his hours can sum—
Oh, let a Spirit whisper in thine ear,
" Flee from the wrath to come !"

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XVII.

"Except ye receive the kingdom of God as a little child, ye shall
in no wise enter therein."

HERE side by side our Infants lie !
Nor sickness frets, nor fear alarms—
The loved ones of the Shepherd's eye,
The Lambs he carries in his arms !
We weep—yet Angels seem to say,
Who would see Heaven must be as they.

XVIII.

"And yet there is room."

JESUS, thy sacred arms our faith may trace,
Outstretched to clasp a world in thy embrace,
E'en from the "accursed tree !"
Lord, at the final doom,
Oh may I find there yet is room,
Room for thy pardoning love, room in thy Heav'n for me.

XIX.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."

THE Faith, that works by Love, attuned their lives,
Kept their hearts innocent, their footsteps right ;
Stronger than Death, now Love that Faith survives,
And burns with holier flame in God's own sight.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XX.

"Of the earth, earthy."

MOURN not—the "Earthy" has put off its "Earth!"
Death though it prove to Sorrow and to Sin,
Of Life immortal, 'tis the day of birth,
And "*true* existence does but now begin." *

XXI.

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"

As in Life's voyage trustfully stood he,
So not in Death a tremor did he feel,
But launched his bark upon the unknown sea,
Sure of the "Haven" where his soul "would be,"
For the same *Pilot* still was at the *wheel*!

XXII.

"Come forth."

WHERE is thy terror, Grave—where, Death, thy sting
To him whose Eye can pierce all outward sense?
He knows the voice that bids him wake, and spring
To life immortal, is OMNIPOTENCE!

* Young.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XXIII.

"Ye shall see them no more for ever."

CHRISTIAN, the Song of Moses is for you—
March on, the Land of Promise is before!

Troubles and griefs in vain pursue!
Like Pharaoh's host, they lie upon the shore,
And these for ever ye shall see no more.

XXIV.

"Not by sight."

HIS walk below—above each thought—
How slight the change which Death has brought!
For * Faith had thrown a bridge, and given
Free intercourse of Earth with Heaven.

XXV.

"Be filled with the Spirit."

FULL of the Spirit—heart, and soul, and mind,
Dead to the world he lived, though brief his span;
Taken ere Earth could taint, in Heav'n to find
How little lower than the Angels—Man.

* Young.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XXVI.

" My people will not consider."

Oh, Reader, pause and ponder well,
Death is the gate to Heaven or Hell ;
My doom is fixed, the seal is set—
Thou mayst be Fiend or Angel yet.

XXVII.

" Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

In Life's great trials he yet strove to give
His heart to him who died that he might live ;
And Christ's own words, as on the Cross he hung,
Was the last prayer that faltered on his tongue.

XXVIII.

" Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening."

How sweet is Evening to the Sons of toil,
The rest from labour, and the cheerful fare ;
Sweeter Life's close to him who feels its coil,
Whose Home is Heaven, and all whose hopes are
there.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XXIX.

"Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial."

Of gentle blood, through long descent he came,
Yet his pure heart for nobler honours burned;
He shed fresh light, as *Christian*, on his name,
And more than he received, as *Man*, returned.

XXX.

"That where I am, ye may be also."

BETTER to follow than detain—
And let this argument suffice;
Why should that soul on Earth remain,
Whose friends are all in Paradise?

XXXI.

"I will make thee Ruler over many things."

SHE lived a Servant, truthful, just, and kind,
And gave obedience all her willing mind;
In little faithful, now in "rule" above,
Her *ruling* passion (perfect there) was love;
Grateful for service long, and proud to own,
Her Friend and Master has inscribed this stone.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XXXII.

"Walk before me, and be thou perfect."

HIS walk was perfect, for he knew how vain
Partial obedience, if bye-ways he trod;
And the first link of Duty's golden chain
Was firmly fastened to the Throne of God.

XXXIII.

"I, even I, am he that comforteth."

How like the Mourners' riven hearts appear
The new-made graves, and their disrupted sod;
Yet soon shall Spring her verdant altar rear,
And Resignation bless her healing God!

XXXIV.

"Time shall be no longer."

PAUSE, nor reject the monitory rhyme
That bids thee ponder on the flight of Time;
One foot on Earth, and one upon the Sea,
Soon may the Angel cry from sea to shore,
Speaking to all as once he spake to me,
That Time shall be no more.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XXXV.

"Loose him, and let him go."

DEATH has "broke down the old partition wall,"*
Which the soul's efforts to escape withstood;
Well, the loosed prisoner then the grave may call,
Not a less evil, but the greatest good.

XXXVI.

"I know of very faithfulness that Thou hast afflicted me."

TRIED, as by fire, and chastened of his God,
He saw a Father's hand, and looked above;
Till flower and fruit, like Aaron's, bore his rod,
Fresh flowers of patience, and sweet fruits of love.

XXXVII.

"Not many wise, not many learned."

TRUTH, not by worldly wisdom she discerned;
The Church her lamp, she walked by faith, not sight:
Her Bible taught what her true heart soon learned—
Christ's yoke was easy, and Love's burthen light;
And secrets which the wise explore in vain,
Affection made to this poor Christian plain.

* Young.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XXXVIII.

"And when he had tasted, he would not drink."

*LIFE's Cup was tasted at the brim—
'Twas vinegar and gall to him;
He put the bitter Cup aside,
Turned his meek eyes to Heaven, and died.

XXXIX.

"Return unto thy rest."

OH, had I wings like yonder bird,
How would I flee away to rest!
The wings were given, the prayer was heard—
The Mourner now is with the blest.

XL.

"For we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched."

SORROW nor want,
The body's anguish nor the mind's distress,
His Soul could daunt,
Nor his bold faith and constancy depress;
He knew his great High Priest the same had known,
Had sympathized in Heaven with every groan,
And all his children's sorrow made his own.

* Hervey.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XLI.

"Asa's heart was perfect with the Lord all his days."

REST, perfect heart, yet higher still the praise—
Perfect with God, and perfect all thy days.*

XLII.

"Go forward."

HIS Hand upon the Plough, he looked not back,
Deep though the furrows, and severe the toil,
Wisdom, her seed sowed broadcast in the track,
Her + "golden Harvest triumphed in the soil."

XLIII.

(FOR THE LOST AT SEA.)

"The depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped
about my head."

FAR, far he lies, from holy ground,
Deep in his coral bed,
The seaweeds wrap his corse around,
The dark waves over-head;
Yet shall, as here, when trump shall sound,
And Sea gives up her Dead,
The glorious bodies of the Just
Wake from Corruption, as from dust.

* Fuller.

+ Young.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XLIV.

"Written on the fleshly tablets of the heart."

HE waited not for Death, a Tomb to raise,*
The care of obsequies he made his own;
Mercy and Charity his lines of praise,
Inscribed on fleshly tablets, not on stone.

XLV.

"When my father and mother forsake," &c.

CHILDREN, farewell: "The Master calls." We go—
Yet, as your tears in orphan misery flow,
Cast all on God, and bitter though your cup,
If all forsake you, He will take you up.

XLVI.

"They loved not their lives unto the death."

BENEATH the banner of the Crucified
He bravely fought, and nobly died
And more than Conqueror now,
All that to victory belong—
The wreath, the palm, the song—
Fill his triumphant soul, bind his immortal brow.

* St. Basil.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XLVII.

"Joy cometh in the morning."

To mourning hearts and weeping eyes
Springs comfort from the sod ;
Gathered to all she loved, she lies,
And gathered to her God.

XLVIII.

"And few there be that find it."

MEEK and pure-hearted in thy low estate,
More bright thy glory in the perfect day ;
GRACE shaped thy stature for the lowly gate,
Thy footsteps suited to the narrow way.

XLIX.

"I go to my Father and your Father."

WEEP not, nor doubt that Christian friends shall meet
and know each other,
In that bright world where he is King, who once was
elder brother ;
There knowledge perfect, hearts refined, shall make our
friends more dear,
And fifty-fold shall be our love, much as we loved them
here.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

L.

" Their place shall know them no more."

LET the Dead rest—for were it theirs to see
Their place once more, amidst the homes of men,
How soon their sad but earnest prayer would be—
Oh, give us back our peaceful tombs again !*

LI.

" We have a house not made with hands."

" TENANT at will" of life and lands,
No sudden warning could surprise,
And now the house not made with hands
Is his, immortal in the skies.

LII.

" I cannot go with these." †

POOR, yet in poverty his strength he found—
They fight in fear, by golden armour bound ;
The stone that slew, an arm unfettered hurled,
Soldiers of Christ sit loosely to the world.

* Bossuet.

† 1 Samuel, xvii. 89.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LIII.

"That the trial of your faith might be found unto praise."

AFFLICTIONS pressed, still more the Spirit sealed,
Hotter the flame, the holier thoughts aspire :
So spices *crushed*, their sweetest fragrance yield—
So incense gives its perfume to the *fire*.

LIV.

"We are delivered."

HERE lies life's Bondsman, "dust to dust,"
Death, the deliverer, has set him free ;
The years of bondage past, his trust
To see the "year of Jubilee."*

LV.

"Let us do well while we have time."

TIME is a talent, and he knew its cost,
Its fragments gleaned, that nothing might be lost ;
Who waste it now, shall most that loss deplore
In the great day when Time shall be no more.

* "Ye shall return every man unto his possession, and every man unto his family."—Lev. xxv. 10.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LVI.

"That I may know him . . . and the fellowship of his sufferings."

CEASE, sorrowing heart, to pour thy plaintive moan,
And let Experience teach thee from this stone.

Join fellowship with him, by whom

No sorrow was unknown ;

And in the world beyond the Tomb,
Trials borne manfully, but meekly now,
Shall deck with jewels thine angelic brow.

LVII.

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

STRONG will to serve, affection sweet to please,

Burning desire for presence with his Lord—

These were his attributes on Earth, and these
Shall gain in Heaven perfection and reward.

LVIII.

"For he cometh to judge the world."

IF at this hour should burst the solemn cry,

"The bridegroom cometh," with his holy train,

Is thy Lamp trimmed, or hast thou oil to buy ?

Or light, or darkness, hangs on thy reply—

The inner feasting, or the outer pain.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LIX.

"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

E'EN from her birth there seemed a voice to say,
Enter a weary world, nor strive, nor cry ;
Meekly the Christian whispered, I obey,
And "Enter into joy," is now her Lord's reply.

LX.

"They came, bringing the spices."

LOVE would anoint, but found a risen Lord ;
And vain would praise embalm or stone record
The virtues that have found a nobler fame :
For Heaven has transcript of his deeds secure ;
And cherished by the hearts of Christian poor,
Shall live the fragrant memory of his name.

LXI.

"Dixi custodiam." Pa. xxxix. 1.

So careful he all duties to fulfil,
So tender of a Christian's honest fame,
Slander alone of him could utter ill,
Credulity alone believe the same.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXII.

"Tabitha cumi."

Do health and beauty, from a spirit glad,
Glow in thy cheek and sparkle in thine eye,
Rejoice with trembling, for this maiden had
Small cause as thou to think that she should die:
If with her fate her hopes by thee are shared,
No death is early to a soul prepared.

LXIII.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

THINK of the tempest when the wind is fair,
Think of the Deluge when most clear the skies,
In days of plenty, Famine's stores prepare,
Think oft of death in life, nor know surprise.

LXIV.

"Comfort one another with these words."

WITH heartfelt sorrow, yet with thoughtful grief,
In Earth's dark chamber was his body laid,
But Time shall bring to Mourners calm relief,
While Christian hopes shall never fail nor fade.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXV.

" Shall thy love be shown in the grave ?"

" I KNOW that my Redeemer lives," and though
Worm and corruption may awhile depress,
Not in the grave will he his love forego,
Nor in destruction lose his faithfulness.

LXVI.

" Why weepest Thou ?"

WOMAN, why weepest Thou ? the Saviour spake,
And to each widow's heart, well nigh to break,
Still speaks the Comforter, and seems to say,
Thou shalt regain him at the latter day.

LXVII.

" I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

" Is the Child dead ?"

Our tears declare,
Though here his lowly bed.
Yet is he now what angels are—
Passed to the Paradise unknown,
And near to the Eternal Throne.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXVIII.

"Weep for yourselves."

WEEP, but display no hopeless grief for me,
Nor let the Christian prove the Sadducee;
Look through your tears, however true or fond,
Look through the grave to the bright world beyond.

LXIX.

"He that shall come will come."

*More fragrant incense Altar never giveth
Than from the "dunghill" of the Patriarch rose,
Sweetening the cup of his unequalled woes,
And still its odour o'er the grave it throws—
"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

LXX.

"Where have ye laid him?"

"WHERE have ye laid him?" still the mourner cries
And "Come and see," the holy word replies;
All that was spiritual has God resumed—
All that was perishable lies here entombed.

* A thought from Bishop Hall.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXXI.

" Marvel not if the world hate you."

WELCOMED by Angels who was this world's scoff,
No pains perplex him, and disturb no sins ;
The grave-clothes of humanity put off,
Here warfare ends and Victory begins.

LXXII.

" The weapons of our warfare are spiritual."

THOUGH he a soldier's glorious death could boast,
Whilst shouts of victory were in his ear,
His higher warfare in a nobler host
Shall gain in better worlds rewards more dear.

LXXIII.

" The flower fadeth."

" THOU diedst, that we—
The common fate of all things rare—
Might read in thee,
How small a space of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair."*

* Slightly altered from Waller.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXXIV.

"He shall lift you up."

If cold and nakedness, if hunger, thirst,
Are sins—of sinners, he of all was worst!
If meekness, patience, and content attest
Christ's true disciples, he of all was best.

LXXV.

"Who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

A LIBERAL heart once warmed this clay,
His hand was open as the day;
And God, who owns
Gifts to the poor as sacred loans,
Most surely will in Heaven repay.

LXXVI.

"Their works do follow them."

'MIDST good men's prayers and sighs,
His Spirit passed away;
To Earth he closed his eyes,
To open them in Paradise
And God's eternal day;
Whilst his works, registered above,
Followed to realms of light and love.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXXVII.

"The bitterness of death is past."

HAPPY, whose Angels to their souls convey
Earnest of Peace, and sense of sin forgiven;
They smile on Death, and to the Grave can say,
"This is no other than the gate of Heaven."

LXXVIII.

"The last shall be first."

A LIFE embittered, yet enjoyed;
A single talent well employed;
In little, faithful—strong in love,
High is thy destiny above.

LXXIX.

"I will take away the desire of thine eyes."

How nearly are our smiles and tears allied!
* "And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy?"
Her virgin beauty and maternal pride
One year could witness, and the next destroy;
Short was the bliss; how long the grief shall try,
His Life, who lost her, only can reply.

* Grant.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXXX.

"Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and said, "Peace!"

WHEN Sickness wasted, and when Sorrow tried,
And to my soul the doors of hope seemed closed—
When heart had fainted, Jesus interposed,
Entered, spake *peace*; and, re-assured, I died.

LXXXI.

"The days of his youth hast thou shortened."

A Soldier true, a friend sincere,
The young, the good, the brave,
Lies here!
Give to his memory a tear—
A garland to his grave!

LXXXII.

"The good works of some are manifest beforehand."

By Trade he lived, but Truth ennobled Trade!
And, *Truth* the measure of his dealings made,
He scorned all partial and deceitful ways!
He lived and died, if mortal can,
God's noblest work, the Tomb's best praise—
AN HONEST MAN!

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXXXIII.

"Who soweth bounteously shall reap also bounteously."

HE sought no praise, but looked to God alone ;
Built on the rock, and laid foundations deep.
Yet broad and bounteously that seed was sown,
Of which, in Heaven, he bounteously shall reap.

LXXXIV.

Recipisti.—Luke, xvi. 25.

THOU faithful steward, who didst well employ
Entrusted talents, enter into joy ;
But Thou—God's gifts who usest as thine own,
Christ's poor neglected, misery unrelieved,
Thy fate, in Judgment, preaches from this stone—
God will disown thee, for "*Thou hast received.*"

LXXXV.

"A good name is better than riches."

SILVER, nor gold, nor worldly wealth he had,
Yet poor men's prayers, and widows' hearts, made glad,
His memory bless !
That best inheritance to children came—
That solace of the Fatherless—
A Sire's good name !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXXXVI.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord."

HE who hath taken is the God who gave!
E'en at this hour, by Sorrow's weight bow'd down,
We strive to look upon our Infant's grave,
Only to think of his immortal crown.

LXXXVII.

"Lay up treasures in Heaven."

Early his rising, and his rest was late,
Daily the bread of carefulness he ate,
Wealth to accumulate, and rich to die—
The slave of Mammon?—No; his garner was on high.

LXXXVIII.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can
carry nothing out."

WOULD we but learn our Earthly gifts to prize,
As we shall view them with our dying eyes,
Daily the Soul would pant for new delight,
And plume her wings for her immortal flight;
Vain worldly wealth, and vast possessions vain—
"The turf that covers, soon our sole domain."*

* Young.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

LXXXIX.

"This is the way ; walk ye in it."

THE path of Life, or be it rough or even,
However varied, graveward still it tends ;
The narrow way 's alone the path to Heaven—
The end of life—the life that never ends.

XC.

"Being warned of God, prepared an ark."

WITH storm and deluge, lo ! the Heavens are dark—
The warning full. Hast thou prepared thine ark ?
When fierce the waves and terrible the blast,
Is thy hope earnest, and thine anchor fast ?

XCI.

"Thou shalt be gathered into thy grave in peace."

WHAT meaning deep our Church supplies
In things deemed slight by common eyes.
A page but intervenes, and we have read
Of "MARRIAGE," of the "VISITATION OF THE
SICK,"
And then, "THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD."
How linked the Dead, the Dying, and the Quick—
How twined the bridal and funereal wreath—
She knew who lies beneath !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XCII.

"The weary are at rest."

Dost thou hate Sin? Then sweet the hour
When Death destroys Sin's sting and power.
Dost thou love ease? The grave how blest,
That fits thee for eternal rest!

XCIII.

"Be content with such things as ye have."

ON Earth he lived, as under Jacob's vow,*
With food and raiment life contented bore;
Blest change, to serve in "white" God's temple now—
Hunger and thirst to know again no more.

XCIV.

"Do the work of an Evangelist."

NOBLY did He his "high commission" bear—
His heart was warmed by Charity and Prayer.
E'en when his mild, persuasive voice had failed,
His *tears* extinguished every brand of strife;
Alike the Preacher and the Man prevailed—
His Doctrine, Faith—Morality, his life.

* Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XCV.

"One star differeth from another star in glory."

*SHORT the imprisonment—the Spirit threw
Its burthen off, nor good nor evil knew ;
And now rejoicing in its little orb,
Our babe with Angels holds communion free.
Well may this truth all mournful thoughts absorb—
Well may we sigh to be as safe as he.

XCVI.

"The place whereon thou standest is holy."

THINK, as ye tread with holy fear,
Think, as ye read with lowly tone,
†This is the "Field of God," and here
His Resurrection seeds are sown.

XCVII.

"He remembereth we are dust."

MANY his failings, and his faults were great—
He sorrowed o'er them !—write them in the sand.
But Virtues shall outlive all Memory's date,
Which in the Book of Life recorded stand.

* Bishop Taylor.

† Ibid.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

XCVIII.

" Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

ONCE, Mary, " sorrowing," sought her holy Child,
And in the Temple soon the lost was won ;
Parents look up to Heaven ; there, undefiled,
" About his Father's business," find your Son.

XCIX.

" Arise up quickly."

As in the dungeon Peter slept, though bound,
So in the Prison of the Grave sleep we ;
But Light and Liberty shall burst the mound,
As speaks an Angel, "*Wake, and follow me !*"

C.

" So soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

BAPTIZED and Buried—thus our lot is cast—
Witnessed yon church—the first rite and the last :
He, Babe or Corpse, unconscious of each scene.
From the *new* life to the *first* death he passed,
But years filled up the interval between ;
Through these, in *consciousness*, he lived and died—
How well, how wisely, let his Judge decide.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CL.

"Thy rod and thy staff comfort me."

SPEAK, ye Bereaved, and through tears confess
That Resignation walks at Sorrow's side;
Think, from a world where snares and sufferings press,
That early graves a sweet escape provide.
Oh, strewed with flowers most fragrant was the road
That led your lost ones to "The Saints' abode!"

CII.

"Chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned."

SEVERE the discipline, the end was sweet—
The God who sent could best its measure mete;
Happy, whose sorrows to good ends suffice,
Who from their *Patmos* pass to *Paradise*.

CIII.

"The days of thy mourning shall be ended."

THE weary week of Life is done!
Past are all "mourning days!"
Joy to the uncreated Sun!
The eternal Sabbath has begun
In triumph, light, and praise.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CIV.

" I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Nor till we sleep upon Earth's quiet breast
Can we enjoy but intervals of rest.

Faint not, there's help in need !

A TRIUNE GOD is still your Friend,

To guard, to watch, defend :

In this faith bear ye on, right manfully proceed.

CV.

" Who hath despised the day of small things."

THOUGH days of smallest things were thine,

Who gives his all, gives much indeed !

The widow's mites found praise divine ;

And smoking flax or bruised reed,

All Faith can lay upon the shrine—

Nothing is small, so it from Love proceed.

CVI.

" There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

READER, this humble stone of him may tell,

Whose countless sins were drowned in endless love ;

On Earth, his deep offences were his hell,

But deep repentance music made above.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CVII.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

THIS solemn warning ever in his ear,
Silver and Gold no Idols were,
But strong temptations and a snare ;
The loss of Heaven his reverential fear.
He saw the purpose in the gift designed,
Laid on the altar, wealth untold ;
The Altar sanctified the gold—
Hence Heaven's approving smiles and blessings of
mankind.

CVIII.

"What must I do to be saved?"

THIS was from youth to age his earnest cry—
The answer taught him how to live and die.

CIX.

"If one went from the dead, they will repent."

PAUSE o'er the Truth a Stone may tell,
Lest when too late ye say,
"Would we had laboured to live well
But for a single day!" *
A better state the soul may win,
If lighter by ONE darling sin.

* A'Kempis.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CX.

"And the pillar of the cloud stood behind."

STILL through Life's wilderness he strove to find
A heavenly guidance to the welcome shore ;
A cloud of sins forgiven—the foes behind ;
A "cloud of witnesses"—the light before.

CXI.

"They may forget, yet will I not."

FRIENDS, nearest, dearest, will forget the dead,
Gravestones will moulder, monuments decay ;
But God, our fast, unfailing friend and stay,
In Life, in Death, in Dust—for he hath said,
Will all committed keep until the latter day.

CXII.

"In Ramah is a voice heard."

Not the ripe ears alone,
But gentle flowers new blown,
Fall with the Reaper's stroke.
This blossom of thy love,
The Reaper, DEATH, has broke.
Yet, Mother ! look above,
And soothe thy bosom's pain,
For there in Paradise thy flower thou shalt regain.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXIII.

" Shall I not drink ? "

SHE drank the Cup, without denial,
With broken heart, faith unsubdued ;
Her meek reply, in every trial—
My rest is near, and God is good.

CXIV.

" For the joy that is set before. "

TAKE up the Cross !
Despise the shame, endure the loss ;
Be self-possessed,
And Thou, as I, shalt know
The Royal road to upper rest,
The safest path to peace below.

CXV.

" Sleep on now, and take your rest. "

RESPECT the ashes of the Saints, whose boast,
They still are precious in their Maker's eyes :
Living—as Temples of the Holy Ghost,
Sleeping—as seeds of glory for the Skies.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXVI.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

By the still waters and the pastures green,
She dwelt, like DEBORAH, beneath the palm;
She knew that peaceful homes and minds serene
Were gifts from him who bids the Seas be calm;
That much return is due where much is given—
And thus her life was made a School for Heaven.*

CXVII.

"But the children of Israel had light in their dwellings."

THICK as Egyptian darkness is the grave
To them in bondage, through Death's fear, who lie;
Brighter than *Goshen* to the Christian brave,
To those in holy hope who live and die.

CXVIII.

"The greatest of these is Charity."

As at the holy shrine†,
Burnt the bright lamps in ne'er-extinguished flame,
So fed by thoughts divine,
The lamp of Charity lit up his heart the same,
And but to burn more freely, where
The holier oil is given and purer air.

* The epitaphs from 1. to cxvi. inclusive were not in the first edition.

† Leviticus, xxiv.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXIX.

"For I know in whom I have believed."

With the same thoughts that dying hours are past,
He nightly lay upon his bed of rest—
Living each day as though it were the last,
He welcomed death as an expected guest;
Looked on the grave as but a change of room,
And firmly trusted—for he knew in whom.

CXX.

"He is not here."

Not at his grave, bereaved mother, weep;
He is not here!
First wipe away each tear,
And faith shall show thy clearer eyes
A star to guide thee where thy young child lies,
As safe in Heaven, and dear,
As when thou smiledst on him in his sleep.

CXXI.

"This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Wait not the eleventh hour,—nor madly dare
To stay repentance and to tempt thy doom;
One thief was saved lest sinners should despair,
And only one, lest sinners should presume.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXXII.

"He yet speaketh."

TRUMPET and torch once bore this Gideonite ;
His doctrine roused, and his example fired,
Not with uncertain sound and flickering light,
But true and steady as the cause required.
The church deplores, friends weep, and saints regret,
But know, though dead, to each "he speaketh yet."

CXXIII.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit."

THE poor are God's peculiar care ;—
Poorest of all, O aged Saint, wert thou !
Yet not for poverty we deem thee now
Safe in God's keeping to the latter day ;
But that thy lot with meekness thou didst bear,
And sought for Heaven in Heaven's appointed way.

CXXIV.

"Arise, for this is not thy rest."

SAFE in the haven where each Saint would be—
How wilt thou smile upon life's stormy sea,
And bless thy God for perils that attest
This world was not thy home—thy place of rest !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXXV.

"We walk by faith."

WOULD you see God, in life be true,
And as our brother walked, walk you.
For Heaven reveals great mysteries
To truthful hearts and loving eyes.
To them each Providence is clear,
Old things are new, the distant near,
The crooked straight, the darkest bright;
They walk by faith, and not by sight.

CXXVI.

"Speedily taken away, lest that deceit beguile the soul."

NOR for the Babe who sleepeth here
Thy tears bestow, thy sorrows give,—
Pass on, and weep with grief sincere
For those who innocence outlive.
Thrice happy—who no sin e'er knew
But what baptismal grace has healed,
Whose nature Christ could scarce renew
Ere God by early death has sealed.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXXVII.

" We bless thy holy name, for all thy servants departed this life
in thy faith and fear."

*The meanest roof on earth had he
Wherein to lay a weary head ;
Now has he joined the company
Of God's most holy blessed dead.
And now with kindred saints he shares,
Perchance with kindred saints to hear,
The church's fond and thankful prayers
For those who " died in faith and fear !"*

CXXVIII.

" Like unto men that wait for their Lord."

THE burning lamp—the girded loin—the ever-waking
eye—
These are the watchwords given to those who hope in
peace to die.
Oh! in this posture let us live, that summoned souls
may say,
" We waited, and are ready, Lord"—*blest angel lead the
way !*

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXXIX.

"Ye must be born again."

Twice dead, because *twice* born,—
In sure and certain hope I wait
The resurrection morn;
And look for that eternal state,
Promised to those, and none beside,
Who *twice* were born and *twice* have died.

CXXX.

"I am thy salvation."

Loosed is the silver cord,
Broken the golden bowl;
O thou—my "great reward"—
My hope—my Heaven—my whole—
My Saviour, Judge, and Lord,
Receive my parting soul!

CXXXI.

"This night shall thy soul be required."

TAUGHT in my early youth to dread
"The grave as little as my bed,"
Alike in life or death my trust,
I made my pillow "*down or dust.*" *

* Herbert.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXXXII.

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

LIKE Mary, in the lowest seat,
Daily she washed her Saviour's feet,
And wiped them with her hair!
For him her meek and quiet mind
Each worldly ornament resigned;
He was her only care!
Sweet soul—in Heaven, of hearts so nurst,
The least is greatest, and the last is first.

CXXXIII.

"Lay not this sin to their charge."

TROUBLED on every side,
By man in malice, and by God in love,
Strangely and sorely tried,
Yet from his refuge he would not remove;
Sowing in tears—in joy to reap—
E'en when the arrowy shower fell thick and fast,—
Like STEPHEN—blessing to the last,
"HE FELL ASLEEP."

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXXXIV.

"Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest."

If of our best and dearest God demands,
We yield the grave, with unreluctant hands,
Our best and dearest, striving to submit
To any sacrifice which He deems fit,—
He will forgive the tears—reversed our doom—
*As weeping parents build their children's tomb.

CXXXV.

"In such an hour as ye think not."

DEATH came, but Death could not surprise
Him who had watched each day with prayer,
Waiting with longing eyes
To show his Lord a faithful servant's care.
When called—the bridegroom and his friends to meet,
No oil to buy—no labour to begin,—
With burning lamp—girt loins—and peace-shod feet,
Thus hand in hand with Death he entered in,
And found a bridal garment and a seat.

• Young.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXXXVI.

"She did it for my burial."

ANGELS attend the good man's dying bed,
And righteous deeds in Christ performed with prayer,
Throughout his house their fragrant odours shed ;
Yet the most precious unguents streaming there
Were holy penitence from heart sincere,
Faith's contrite sigh—love's true and latest tear.

CXXXVII.

"Be careful for nothing."

CAREFUL for nothing, coarsely clothed and fed,
Content with daily Poverty's worst dole ;
Still from the Well of Life, with heavenly bread
And holy thoughts, he fed and dressed his soul :
He knew when this frail body's cares were done,
The life immortal had but then begun.

CXXXVIII.

"The harvest is ready."

IN every furrow years had ploughed,
New and immortal hopes were sown ;
Till with their weight the ripe ears bowed,
And angels gathered in their own.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXXXIX.

"Arise, and follow."

"COME, follow me," the Saviour said ;
She rose and followed where He led :
His yoke and burthen meekly borne,
Although in poverty and scorn,
Were "easy," "light," for help was given ;—
She follows now the Lamb in Heaven.

CXL.

"The judgment was set, and the books were opened."

IN that great day, when men are met,
And angels stand around,
When books are opened, thrones are set,
Where shall my place be found ?
And what shall be the best man's lot,
If Thou, great Saviour, pity not ?

CXLI.

"To die is gain."

OH, blest exchange—to overleap
The barriers of a world of pain ;
And for a life we could not *keep*,
A life—we cannot *lose*—to gain !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXLII.

"They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."

BENEATH, there lies
Whom the world did and ever will despise,
For the world saw but poverty and pain—
But God beholds with purer eyes,
And in her humble heart to dwell did not disdain:
Sapphire, or pearl, or orient gem,
Faintly to these pure spirits do ye shine,—
When for thy glorious diadem,
Thou shalt make up thy jewels, Lord, of them,
For thou hast said, such spirits shall be thine.

CXLIII.

"Quit you like men—be strong."

HERE rests a warrior—firm and true,
Who, when hard service called to dare and do,
First in the field was up;
Trode in his Saviour's steps,
Drank of his Saviour's cup.
Quenched is the *oriflamme*;
But wreaths and crowns await—
The soldier of the cross so late,
Now follower of the Lamb!

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXLIV.

" These are they which come out of great tribulation."

Oh, sorrow-bowed ! oh, heavy-laden !
What is this grave to thee but rest ?
Beyond the grave, thou Christian maiden,
Far better hopes thy soul possest.
Thy lot with Tribulation's daughters—
Short were thy griefs, afflictions light,
If led by God to living waters,
With sister spirits clothed in *white*.

CXLV.

" Mark the upright."

How sweet that day's farewell,
When conscience tells of hours well spent !
So he who rests within this narrow cell,
When the last messenger was sent,
And life's long day had known its setting sun,
Laid down in peace to die ;
And angels, hovering nigh,
Whispered, " Thou good and faithful soul, well
done !"

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXLVI.

"I have overcome the world."

ACTIVE and useful—yet of Christ the spouse—
Her earthly duties heavenly thoughts control ;
She felt the weight of her baptismal vows,
Built in the world a cloister for her soul ;
And in his strength, who once that world o'ercame,
This holy maiden learned to do the same.

CXLVII.

"Having a good conscience."

HIS youthful hopes, though sickness could defeat,
He kept that better health—a conscience clean ;—
Pulse of the soul ! in whose soft, healthful beat,
By no assault was intermission seen,
The sun of righteousness its radiance threw,
And kept the dial of his brief life true.

CXLVIII.

"Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom."

SORROW and sickness—"crumbs and sores"—his lot ;
Yet strength was lent him equal to his day :
If such the path to Heaven, oh, murmur not—
They who seek Heaven must strive to love the way !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXLIX.

"The sting of death is sin."

MOURN not o'er early graves—for those
Removed whilst only buds are shown,
For God, who sowed and watered, knows
The time to gather in his own.
This blossom knew no winter's breath,
Sheltered beneath the Almighty wing;
And though it felt the *stroke* of death,
Blest babe! it never knew its *sting*.

CL.

"Perfect through suffering."

OF fragile form and gentle heart,
Sickness—and sorrow's keenest dart—
Once trained thee for the skies,
With patience borne, as sent in love;
And as of old, the LAMB and DOVE
Were marked for sacrifice,
So meek of soul—of spirit pure—
With God is thine acceptance sure!

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLI.

"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken."

A CHILD of wrath—a child of grace,—
In Heaven a smiling cherub now !
And all within a month's brief space :
Oh, sweet and blessed babe ! wert Thou.
Sent but to gladden and to grieve !—
(Oh, thus our mourning hearts rebel !)
Why sent—why taken—we believe
Our babe, when next we meet, shall tell.

CLII.

"The Lord of hosts is with us—the God of Jacob is our refuge."

Is life a race—a pilgrimage ?
Welcome to weary soul
The resting-place—the goal !
Is life a warfare all must wage ?
Wake manly heart to manly deed !—
Upon the foe !
And in the strength of Heaven succeed
Like him below.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLIII.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

HUSHED be each note of sorrow's plaintive strains;
Dried be each tear of suffering or of sin;
The New Jerusalem, life's pilgrim gains,
And let his triumph at this gate begin :
Be ye lift up, each everlasting door,
For time and death to him are now no more !

CLIV.

"Go, and do likewise."

THE flood, the famine, and the darkness came—
In death were centred all the three ;
His ark was built, both corn and oil had he,
A refuge—food—and holy flame—
He had provided for eternity,
And in the book of life was found his name.

CLV.

"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

"ASHES to ashes ! dust to dust !"
Yet earth but holds these bones in trust ;
For faith can number every grain,
And clothe the whole with flesh again.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLVI.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

YOUTH, and a heart before the world could taint,
With Christian courage bold,
To God were given,
And God, lest heart should fail or courage faint,
Or youth should fade,
Sealed him for Heaven
Among Christ's ransomed fold,
And youth and holiness immortal made.

CLVII.

"Our conversation is in Heaven."

He lived to God so near,
That in his calm and holy face,
Such intercourse of truth and grace
Was written, sweet and clear,
Gentle to others—to himself severe—
He waged, within, his holy strife;
Yet did he bear about him one strong scourge,
Vice to appal, and virtue's speed to urge,—
The great example of a blameless life.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLVIII.

"My flesh shall rest in hope."

It were a small thing o'er thy grave to say,
That thou in life wert loved, and mourned when
dead—

Such memories decay!—

Oh, rather be it said,

Thy walk below, sustained by faith and love,
Thy flesh here "rests in hope" to see God's face
above.

CLIX.

"Not walking in craftiness,"

CALMLY along the narrow road,
With holy Mother Church his guide ;
Fed by the living streams that flowed
Beside his path, in hope he died.
Simple—yet for his master bold—
He sowed, and "reaped an hundred-fold."

C.*

* The contributions marked "C." are by a relative.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLX.

"Love never fails."

REST, for the shadow of the church is sleeping
Upon thy quiet grave !
In life, she had thee in her holy keeping ;
In death, her comfort gave !
She led thee to the living waters, signing
Her mark upon thy brow ;
Guided thee safely to thy day's declining,
And guards thine ashes now. C.

CLXI.

"Whoso receiveth this child receiveth me."

FAVOURITE of God—the Church, with sacred rite,
Had scarcely purged thy birth-imputed leaven,
Its holy waters bore thee from our sight,
And anchored fast thy little ark for Heaven.

CLXII.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."

THE everlasting arms beneath,
The cordials Heaven supplies, above,
She died in triumph to bequeath
Example rare of faith and love.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXIII.

"What shall it profit?"

WHAT shall it profit now—
Wealth to have gained—and to have lost a soul?
O THOU!
Who weigh'dst the globe itself entire and whole,
Against the spark divine,
Grant, that in worldly streams, I've not extinguished mine.

CLXIV.

"Go up higher."

LESS than the least,
And lowest at earth's feast,
We saw her heart to better things aspire;
Angels, at Heaven's command,
Then took her by the hand,
And bade the lowly child of God "go higher."

CLXV.

"Is there no balm?"

WHERE is thy balm, O Gilead!—where
The Great Physician may I see?
Death heard the suffering Christian's prayer,
And said—Behold them *both* in me!

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXVI.

"A better country, even a heavenly."

PROSPEROUS or adverse days—to each he bow'd—
Or dark or bright—his confidence no less—
Saw, both in pillar'd fire and shadowy cloud,
The heavenly guidance through the wilderness ;
Thought of his Canaan, as he toil'd along,
And cheer'd the way with melody and song.

CLXVII.

"Come again, ye children of men."

DEATH's face he met with look serene,
For he had learned to die by living right ;
And "Faith, the evidence of things not seen,"
Filled every thought with coming light.
He lived to die—and died to live—
Knowing who changed the heart, the dead again could
give,
And soul and body reunite.

CLXVIII.

"Turn to thy stronghold, thou prisoner of hope."

PRISONER of hope, to my stronghold I flee :
Oh, at the judgment, Lord, remember me !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXIX.

"Felix trembled."

WHEN Paul of judgment spake, in solemn tone,
Lo, the judge trembled at the prisoner's voice :
So when of death and judgment speaks this stone,
Tremble, ye sinners—Christian hearts, rejoice.

CLXX.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven."

If poverty has ills, wealth has its snare ;
Oh, give me neither, was the wise man's prayer :
Where I once lived was Heaven's appointment—*now*
If rich or poor, it matters not, but *how*.

CLXXI.

"Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness."

THE Almoner of God !

Although with liberal heart his gifts he threw,
The good his right hand did, his left ne'er knew ;
Yet in the path he trod,
By dews of charity kept moist and green,
The holy impress of his walk was seen ;
A thankful heart he carried to his grave,
And the unrighteous Mammon made his slave.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXXII.

" Abide in me."

FULL of good works he died ; for faith the root,
He could not choose but bear abundant fruit :
Grafted, and still abiding, in the vine,
Clustered the branch—but God, the praise was thine !

CLXXIII.

" His days are as the days of an hireling."

I WAS God's hireling—I had work to do ;
He gave me courage to perform it, too ;
Paid me rich wages when my work was done,
And said, " No more a servant, but a son !"

CLXXIV.

" Fight the good fight."

SOLDIER of Christ ! well proved and tried ;
In every conflict brave as strong ;
Though *death* and *grave* the spoil divide
Awhile, they shall not hold thee long—
Thy sleep is but the warrior's rest !
Thee, wreath, and palm, and crown await ;
And gratulating saints attest
Thy welcome at the immortal gate.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXXV.

"Thou shalt die there."

WHEN all affection's holiest ties had bound,
And earth's attractions were the strongest found,
Her life when sweetest, dearest,—God denied ;
She heard the summons, bowed and smiled, and died.
Her youth to God was given, and her reward
Is youth and life immortal with her Lord.

CLXXVI.

"Thy brother shall rise again."

I am the resurrection :—never speech
Burst with such comfort on the mourner's ear ;
A light, the darkness of the grave to reach ;
A balm the saddest hour of grief to cheer.
Weep not for me, as Jesus rose before,
The dead in Him shall rise to part no more.

CLXXVII.

"It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption."

I PAID the penalty of Adam's sin,
And here corruption and the worm I knew ;
Christ died and rose—that triumph to begin,
By which the just may rise and triumph too !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXXVIII.

"It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

BENEATH this stone
Is a seed sown
For eternity;
Nor can it quicken,
Except it die
Oh, may it spring
From its repose,
A glorious flower;
And sown in weakness,
Rise in power,
A SHARON'S ROSE!

CLXXIX.

"All that are in their graves shall hear his voice."

*WHEN sounds the trump, whose blast shall bring
Assembled worlds before their King,
And yield their dead, both earth and sea;
When comes the Judge, whose awful eye
Few can endure, yet none can fly—
Let "*Come, ye blessed!*" welcome me.

* Crashaw.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXXX.

"He shall give his angels charge concerning thee."

SHRINKING from this world's praise, above
Was fixed her steadfast eye;
Her hope was through redeeming love
To gain a name on high—
To live a Christian and a Christian die!
Her converse thus in Heaven, soon deep
And holy things were written on her brow;
Angels invisible had charge to keep—
Visible angels her companions now!

CLXXXI.

"Now, face to face."

SHE had no riches, but an humble heart,
In meek submission with her lot to bow;
Even on earth she saw her God "in part,"
And "face to face" she sees his glory now.

CLXXXII.

"If in this world only we had hope."

HOPES of the faithful are accomplished, where
The hopes and schemes of earth all perished lie;
On death the worldling gazes in despair—
It is the Christian's privilege to die.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXXXIII.

"We bring our years to an end, as a tale that is told."

MY "tale is told;" I lived—I died!
And few and evil were my years;
Sleep with my fathers, side by side,
Till Christ, who is our life, appears;
And hope *through him*, who cannot fail,
To read the moral of my tale.

CLXXXIV.

"Glory to God on high, on earth—peace."

HE strove to make, so far as mortal can,
His life the echo of the angel's song:
Can life which brought to God, to Earth and Man,
GLORY, and PEACE, and CHARITY, be wrong?

CLXXXV.

"They are as the angels."

FOND mother! in her full maternal pride,
When round her table olive-branches rose
In bright succession, even then she died;
But faith sustained her to life's trying close—
Her marriage made in Heaven, on earth was sweet,
And all it gave she hoped in Heaven to meet.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXXXVI.

" Let both grow, till the harvest."

IN him—of every Christian true—
The wheat and tares together grew ;
But " God will thoroughly purge his floor :"
Death's winnowing hand the chaff shall keep,
As holy angels reap
And garner Heaven's unmixed, untainted store.

CLXXXVII.

" The memory of the just is blessed."

SEASON o'er season may depart,
But thy green turf is still the same ;
And shrined in many a faithful heart
Shall live the fragrance of thy name.
Thine were the virtues of the just
That live and " blossom in the dust."

CLXXXVIII.

" It is good for me to have been afflicted."

Yes, the paternal stroke in love is dear !
Without affliction I had still been here :
But not without a father's chastening rod
Had I, beyond the grave, found peace with God.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CLXXXIX.

"Be ye also ready."

THOUGHTS of the future were in every thought :
In every act his motives were on high ;
So lived he, that when death the summons brought,
No other duty had he—but to die.

CXC.

"It is I—be not afraid."

IN life and death God's faith and fear,
His confidence and guide he made ;
Hoping in judgment yet to hear
The same still voice—" *Be not afraid.*"

CXCI.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ;
and let thy widows trust in me."

His spirit to thy hands, O God,—his children to thy
care ;—
His widow to her Maker's love, commended his last
prayer ;
Hear, Father of the fatherless, thou widow's husband,
hear,
Remember thine own promise, Lord, and dry each
mourner's tear.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXCII.

"Get thee up into Mount Nebo, and die."

IN every serious work he took in hand
Christ his example was, the Church his guide ;
The eyes of faith were on the promised land,
He lived on *Pisgah* and on *Nebo* died.

CXCIII.

"Through much tribulation."

THE paths of suffering lead to homes of bliss ;
Light for the righteous is in sorrow sown :
The King of Sufferings hath appointed this,
And all his subjects by this mark are known.

CXCIV.

"First cast the beam out of thine own eye."

*IF I had lived till I were stoned
By men without a fault,
To doomsday I had death postponed,
Nor known this dreary vault.
Leave "*motes*" all others' eyes within,
For "*beams*" that vex your own,
And not, till you have ceased to sin,
Cast the upbraiding stone.

* Fuller.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXCV.

"The last shall be first."

YE "great ones" of the world, pass by ; nor birth,
Nor wealth, nor honour, can this stone record ;
Least of God's "little ones," and last on earth,
First, greatest, in the kingdom of her Lord.

CXCVI.

"Who shall roll us away the stone ?"

WHO from the sepulchre roll'd back the stone
And rose triumphant to a Heaven his own,
Will burst this prison of the grave for me ;
The trump shall sound—the "glorious" body free
Shall rush to meet the soul, and, clothed with grace,
Shall live for ever in that warm embrace.

CXCVII.

"Thou art weighed in the balance."

ONCE self-abased, and vile in man's esteem,—
Now Heaven's impartial balance shall prevail ;
While pride, exulting pride, shall touch the beam,
Thy worth shall fill the fast-descending scale.
Thus threads humility the narrow gate
To glory, known by its "eternal weight."

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CXCVIII.

"Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."

CAST not a careless stone
At him who lies below;
Judge no man's soul, for God alone
The secret heart can know.
Let conscience speak thine oft misdeed,
And charity for his will plead.

CXCIX.

"Your light afflictions work for you a crown."

A CHILD of sorrow wert thou from thy birth—
BENONI written on thy youthful brow;
Yet was thy walk with BARNABAS* on earth,
In Heaven, we trust, a happy STEPHEN† now.

CC.

"Whereby ye are sealed."

OH, wondrous love!
O'er thee, the sacred dove
Brooded "with silver wings and feathers like to gold;"
Quickening each gentle grace,
Ripening thy soul apace,
And sealing thee for Heaven amongst the ransomed fold.

* Son of Consolation.

† A crown.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCI.

"In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,
Good Lord, deliver us."

THOU, in whose sight Heaven is not clean,
Nor holy angels pure,
Not on my own poor deeds I lean,
Thy mercy to secure;
"Oh, SON OF DAVID," still must be
My hopes in judgment, all in thee !

CCII.

"The Lord grant unto him, that he may find mercy at that day."

THE Church's hopeful prayers intrust
His body to the dust;
Still at his grave,
Most holy Judge, to Thee
We pour our special Litany,
That, at thy second coming, Thou wilt save.

CCIII.

"Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

THROUGH every varying scene of time and sense,
He, by God's help, preserved his innocence,
Cleaved to the right, and held that promise fast
Which brought him peace in life and peace at last.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCIV.

"Our life is hid with Christ."

HERE lies my body—born but to decay—
Yet know I, wheresoe'er my soul may stray,
Both shall unite at the great Judgment day.

Howe'er enthralled by earth, or air, or sea,
Severed from Christ their head they cannot be ;
Sound the last trump, that moment they are free.

CCV.

"An ISRAELITE, indeed, in whom was no guile!"

THUS write we in our fond, confiding love
Of him whose heart our God alone could see ;
Thrice blest, if, in th' unerring courts above,
The heavenly record and our own agree.

CCVI.

"Christ died to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

PLACE o'er my grave no merit-claiming lie :
If Paul was chief of sinners, what am I ?
Trembling yet hoping, confident though meek,
Pardon and Peace, alone through Him I seek,
Who for his faithful followers surety stood,
And made *best* works acceptable and *good*.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCVII.

"Repent, that your sins may be blotted out."

WITH hope assured, and quiet mind,
Life's ills, and Death's last pangs he bore;
He knew his sins were left behind,
Whose penitence had gone before.

CCVIII.

"Ye are those that have continued with me."

As one who saw the goal, all years he passed,
Made in the first provision for the last;
Time, health, and strength, were but the means of
grace,
And "hopes of glory" urged him in the race—
Such hopes fail not—the golden crown is sure
To those who strive and to the end endure.

CCIX.

"A book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared
the Lord and that thought upon his name."

THE purest blood of Europe in each vein,
Old as the Conquest his ancestral tree,
Emblazoned deeds, a shield without a stain,—
Yet held he cheap all honour, wealth, and fame,
If in God's book were registered his name,
His holier lineage, higher pedigree.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCX.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"

BENEATH, the body of a saint is laid,
Who, by the Spirit's help, that body made
A home in which the Spirit might reside ;
With confidence in Heaven, she humbly tried
"To purify herself as God is pure,"
And found for nature's ills a ready cure :
Thus meet for brighter worlds, she lived in this ;
Easy transition hers from earth to bliss !

CCXI.

"Help, Lord, or I perish."

ONCE did I think
Life's waves to tread
In mine own strength ;
But soon, in dread,
I cried for help as I began to sink :
At length,
The master took me by the hand,
And, thus sustained, I reached the welcome land.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXII.

" Sell all that thou hast, and follow me."

HE had all gifts that life could crown,
A nature to enjoy the whole;
He used them to enrich his soul,
And at God's bidding laid them down
With the same ease the Prophet dropt
His mantle in his fiery flight;
His speed, no lingering wishes stopt—
His home, and Heaven that home, in sight.

CCXIII.

" Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

THOU purified for Heaven, oh say—
Shall we thy early death deplore?
No, rather let us bless the day
That gave to God an angel more!

CCXIV.

" And they two shall be one."

SUPPORT and confidence—the Elm and Vine,
They grew together, *one* their joys and pains:
Death would not sever whom such loves entwine;
One life they led, and here *one* grave contains.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXV.

"The rich man died, and was buried."

THOUGH nursed in greatness and to riches born,
Yet in earth's fairest flower he saw the thorn ;
Beneath the *finest linen*, *sackcloth* felt,*
And bound his *purple* with an iron belt ;
Knew his humanity, and strove to learn
In every gift, the giver to discern,—
Lived Heaven's trustee, and lent and gave away
To God's own heirs, who never could repay ;
And *died* a rare example to the great,
Of lowly virtue in a high estate.

CCXVI.

"We shall all be changed."

"ASHES to ashes,—dust to dust,"—
Yet earth but holds these bones in trust ;
Howe'er dispersed, re-solved, or changed,
—Great miracle and mystery !—
Again this body re-arranged,
Another yet the same shall be,
And "fashioned," like the Saviour's—rise,
Rejoin my soul, and seek the skies.

* Jeremy Taylor.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXVII.

"The bridegroom cometh ; go ye out to meet him."

MOST holy mother, by a new birth thine—
Thine by baptismal grace and sacred sign,—
Nursed on thy breast, as, in thine arms, she died :
Oh, when the bridegroom comes to meet his bride,
May she her trimmed and burning lamp retain,
And, with the wise, a ready entrance gain !

CCXVIII.

"Neither counted they their lives dear."

In—but not *of*—the world, his holy strife
Was yet on earth the stamp of Heaven to show ;
And as he lived above the *love of life*,
The *fear of death*—it was not his to know.

CCXIX.

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way."

TAUGHT, when her lips could speak, to pray,
And taught God's Holy Word to read,
Prepared for life or death, each day,
For earth or heaven, as he decreed ;
The straitest path below she trod,
And found it nearest to her God.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXX.

"O grave, where is thy victory?"

WORLD,—FRIENDS,—and LIFE, however loved, farewell!

In humble trust, this mortal I resign,

In better worlds, with dearer friends, to dwell

In life immortal, bought by love divine.

CCXXI.

"The harvest is past."

TEN years of Sabbaths* privileged to see—

What means of grace were thine, what culture strong!

Oh, may the Lord of Harvest find in thee

The sheaf abundant as the growth was long!

CCXXII.

"Jesus wept."

WEEP for the dead with holy tears, give quiet sorrow
scope—

His tears are born of unbelief who sorrows without
hope;

Weep as thy pitying Saviour wept, at friendship's early
grave,

E'en at the moment when his power recalled the life
he gave.

* A Septuagenarian.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXXIII.

"They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing
it shall not hurt them."

FEARING to sin—he did not fear to die ;
For in His name who drew the serpent's sting,
Harmless the "serpent" in his hand could lie,—
And safely he could drink the "deadly thing."
The busiest scene of life is death,—this scene
A daily death made easy and serene.

CCXXIV.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

WHILST sickness rent thine infant frame,
Before our God we wept and prayed ;
But when his heavenly summons came,
Fond nature struggled, and obeyed.
We laid thee in thy early rest,
And changed the burden of our prayer :
May He who took thee to the blest,
But make thee our forerunner there !

C.

CCXXV.

"Let me never be confounded."—THE DRYAD.

JESU, in thee my every hope was bound,
Let not eternity those hopes confound.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXXVI.

"And confessed they were pilgrims."

PILGRIM, we may not grieve for thee,—
Thy God has called thee to thy rest;
The haven—where each saint would be—
Is gained, and thou art more than blest :
Heaven is thy home, and Abraham's Lord
Is thine "exceeding great reward."

CCXXVII.

"We are orphans."

HELP us, thou good and great ! our loss to bear,—
More of *her* happiness to think,
Of our own sorrow, less.
Alas ! though relatives still live to bless,—
Our fainting hearts will shrink :
A mother's love ! who can such loss repair ?

CCXXVIII.

"The end of that man is peace."

HELD by the hand of one Unfailing Power,
Safely life's smooth or slippery paths he trod :
"His God sustained him in his final hour—"
His final hour brought glory to his God."

• Young.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXXIX.

"He placed in their hands empty pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers."

WHEN comes the moment that in dust like mine*
All broken lies thy spirit's fragile urn,—
May, through the rent, that spirit brighter shine,
Like Gideon's lamp,† and night to splendour turn!

CCXXX.

"We shall know as we are known."

THE time is coming, even now is near,
When thou like me must share
The heritage of sin, the common lot:
Then know thy God betimes in fear;
To meet him now prepare,—
Lest this, his stern denial, thou shouldst hear,
"Depart! I know thee not."

CCXXXI.

"In my father's house are many mansions."

OH, happy voyage on a waveless sea;‡
Thy bark, no sooner launched than anchored fast!
But gained the haven, then still happier he
Who stems the billows and outrides the blast.

* Judges.

† Bishop King.

‡ Hervey.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXXXII.

"To-day, if ye will hear."

READ a short sermon in this humble grave,—
Search well thy heart, and ascertain its state ;
If God's "*to-day*" appear too soon to save,
Fear lest thine own *to-morrow* be too late.

CCXXXIII.

"The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised."

WHEN the Archangel's trump shall sound,
And the great books of Heaven uncloze,
Then only shall our place be found
Eternally for joys or woes.
Think, reader, on that awful day ;—
Reflect and fear—and watch and pray.

CCXXXIV.

"Awake! thou that sleepest."

LIFE is a journey, and the grave an inn
At which the wearied traveller may alight,
Sleep undisturbed, and pass a dreamless night,
Hoping a fairer journey to begin :—
If for that journey unprepared he be,
Better no hour of *waking* he should see.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXXXV.

"Peace at the last."

THIS humble stone thus witnesseth
Of his, a Christian's bright career :
All grace in life,—all peace in death—
He died in hope who lived in fear.

CCXXXVI.

"Weep not for me, but for yourselves."

MUCH as we loved thee,—to our bitter cost,
Alas, *how much*, we knew not, till we lost !—
Oh, say not *lost* ! the dead in Jesus sleep ;
And not for them, but for ourselves we weep.

CCXXXVII.

"Give an account of thy stewardship."

WHAT were thy talents ? "give account" thou must—
All gifts of nature and all powers of mind,
All means of grace—examples of the just,—
And youth and manhood, age, and strength and health,
Sickness and poverty, and ease and wealth ;
Yes, each and all, were only held in trust :
How stands thy audit ? mine I'm gone to find.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXXXVIII.

"For we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

STRANGER, revere the holy dead,
Respect their mouldering clay,
For heaven and earth may pass away,
But not the word which said—
Body and soul again shall meet
Before Christ's awful "judgment-seat."
Oh, at that seat when we shall stand,
May both then pass at his right hand!

CCXXXIX.

"More than conquerors, through him that loved us."

OH, miracle of grace!
No sword unsheathed,—a battle won;
A crown without a race,—
A voyage safely ended ere begun.
Rest, little one! a mother's tears may fall,
But not for worlds would she her child recall.

CCXL.

"Take up the cross, and follow."

No cross, no crown,—no loss, no gain;
They first must suffer who would reign.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXLI.

"The night cometh wherein no man can work."

As falls the tree, the tree must lie ;
Fixed is the doom of all that die :
The Spirit, then, no longer pleads,
Nor intercessor intercedes—
The day of grace and prayer is fled :
Thus to the living speaks the dead !

CCXLII.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

TREES lie as they do fall :
Not what we have been,—what we are
May best our thoughts employ,—
Nor sorrow to have sown in tears
So that we reap in joy :
The end crowns all !

CCXLIII.

"Seek the Lord whilst he may be found."

THERE is a time when God may not be found,
When the despairing call meets no reply ;
Oh, seek Him when thy health and strength abound,
And thou shalt find him when thou com'st to die !

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXLIV.

"Buy the truth, and sell it not."

THOU, princely merchant, hast employed right well
The capital bestowed by Heaven ;
Truth was a purchase which thou wouldst not sell,
Thy time to God was given ;
And to His church and poor—thy willing gold,
Who now repays thy love,—a thousand-fold.

CCXLV.

"Not alone, for the Father is with me."

GOD was with HIM, from cradle to the tomb ;
He is in Heaven with God—his face to see :
Thus by his death he hath but changed his *room*,*
He hath not changed his holy *company*.

CCXLVI.

"And now abideth these three."

THROUGH life the Christian Graces round her moved,
Brightened bright hours, and soothed the saddest, too !
FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY inspired, approved,
And o'er each act a holy radiance threw ;
In death sustained her amidst all alarms,
And left her not till safe in better arms.

* The saying of an old Saint.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCXLVII.

"Judge nothing before the time."

As the tree falls it lies ;
Which way
The hour of death decides,—
But God in mercy hides
From mortal eyes
Until the judgment day ;
Wherefore be timely wise.

CCXLVIII.

"Laying up in store a good foundation."

He fears no winter who in summer wrought ;
He who hath stores in Heaven laid up, may sigh
To be where heart and treasure he hath brought,
Yet is he well prepared to live or die.

CCXLIX.

"O death, where is thy sting?"

WHAT our Redeemer Death has made,
May captive fears release ;
With grace and gladness now arrayed,
The King of Terrors stands displayed,
Another "Prince of Peace."*

* Young.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCL.

"In remembrance of me."

PLACE o'er my grave the Cross—
Symbol of Hope and Faith;
In life my only glory,
My only trust in death.
If ever crown of life be mine,
'Twas won beneath that holy sign.

CCLI.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."

POOR they may live, yet rich they die,
Whose treasure is laid up on high;
Who is not anxious to depart,
Hath neither treasure there nor heart.

CCLII.

"My witness is in Heaven."

OH! if my record be on high,
And Heaven shall witness bear;
If, when unclosed the Book of Life,
My name is written there,—
I would not careful be to know
What praise or blame I leave below.

ORIGINAL EPITAPHS.

CCLIII.

"And another book was opened, which is the book of life."

THE volume of his life this title bore--

"*Holiness here and happiness beyond ;*"

This was his being's end, and more and more,

By grace he made each page to correspond :

Closed is the book ; the praise to God alone,

If it shall prove a transcript of his own.

CCLIV.

"Arise! shine! for thy light is come."

DARK was the grave, and long was sorrow's night ;

Christ rose, and both were flooded with the light :

And Death is but a Herald now, who brings

Transfigured saints before the King of Kings.

CCLV.

"I have set thee for a tower and a fortress."

"His bread" supplied, his "waters sure,"—he felt

No sad forebodings for the coming hour ;

In the "munitions of the rocks" he dwelt,

In Plenty—and Security and Power ;

For he can brave all blows by evil dealt,

Whom God hath "set a Fortress and a Tower."





Part the Second.



CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

. The verses that follow are not in themselves intended for or adapted to sepulchral inscriptions. They may, however, it is hoped, furnish hints and suggestions for such testimonials. They are rather thoughts that may be supposed naturally to arise in the minds of the serious as they wander through churchyards and cemeteries; more especially, when some recent bereavement has touched the heart and quickened its sensibility to impressions of another state of being. Impressions, alas! not willingly renewed—which the rude commerce of the world will soon efface, and which, on that very account, perhaps, like exotic flowers, require to be the more tenderly prized, cherished, and cultivated.

Churchyard Thoughts.

I.

"And they shall gather his elect from the four winds."

WHAT myriads holds the deep !

On foreign shores and distant lands,

In graves unblessed, unshriven thousands sleep,

Whose dying eyes were closed by stranger hands.

Oh ! happier we, who tended to the last,

By faithful love, were then,

With holy words from holy men,

To consecrated earth consigned—

Where village churches their broad shadows cast,

And gently o'er us moans the evening wind—

In "joyful hope" our quiet graves we find.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

II.

"Behold, all things are become new."

THERE'S nothing new beneath the Sun :
How should the soul which feels this saying true,
Pant for a world where (old things passed and done)
All things are new—
New Heaven, new Earth, new hearts, new joys for them,
The inmates of the *New Jerusalem.*

III.

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."

ONCE, twice, the Apostate has denied, and still
His Lord has cast no backward glance, though near—
Again false-hearted and forsworn—then shrill
The warning Clarion burst upon his Ear—
Then Jesus turned—His mild reproving Eye
Broke Peter's heart; and they who still deny,
But for that melting love, would in their hardness die.

IV.

"The hope that is set before them."

FROM Pisgah, Moses saw before him lie
The Earthly Canaan, though he might not reach—
All faithful souls, this dearer truth to teach :
There is no place where they are called to die,
The promised land is not before their eye.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

V.

"For if we believe that Jesus *died* and rose again, even them also which *sleep* in Jesus will God bring with him."

To Beds of dust as to the softest down,
Wearied, yet joyful, can Believers creep—
Christ bore the Cross that they might wear the Crown,
And Jesus died that they in him might sleep.

VI.

"Who bringeth good tidings."

How beautiful the feet*
Of him who gracious tidings bears,
And beautiful is Death—and sweet
To faithful souls the message he declares—
Salvation, Peace, and all through Christ, is theirs.

VII.

"We give thee hearty thanks," &c.—See BURIAL SERVICE.

'MIDST clasp'd hands, with many tears and sighs,
We lay a Brother's body in the dust—
Yea, Him whom Angels beckon from the Skies,
Whom stand to greet, pure Spirits of the Just!
O small of faith, here rather bend the knee,
And, with the Church, thank God our Brother's free.

* Isaiah, lli. 7.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

VIII.

"Choose ye this day."

Is Angel's converse better than of men ?
Is life Eternal than long life more dear ?
Is Heaven to Earth superior ? Why, then,
As thou shalt answer so shall Death appear.

IX.

"Judgment without mercy."

REPENT, ere comes as Victor, Death !
Heaven is not shut whilst man has breath ;
No depths of human misery lie
Beyond the reach of Mercy's eye.
Do Christ no wrong by thy despair—
Greater than Sin his sufferings were—
Dost thou delay, and still presume ?
Judgment, not Mercy, then thy doom.

X.

"And there shall be no more sorrow."

WHAT is this Death, from which the million fly ?
Fix thou on God a "calm, unvarying eye,"
And all survives, that's worthy to remain,
*And nothing dies but wretchedness and pain.

• Young.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XI.

"And some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship."

OH, who of Heaven presumptuously can say,
That *these* have found, or *those* have lost the way;
Thousands of whom thou dreamest not may come,
Like Paul's companions in his shipwreck—some
By strength, on "boards and broken pieces" more,
And by God's mercy reach the welcome shore.

XII.

"No man dieth to himself."

THOUGH the Dark Valley man may tread alone,
Millions of Spirits wait him on Death's shore;
Or Hell, malignant, claims him for its own,
Or Heaven rejoices in an angel more.

XIII.

"And there appeared an angel, strengthening."

PRAY for my soul, implores the Stone—
How touching, yet how vain the cry!
As falls the tree, the tree must lie—
Pray, Reader, for thine own;
And pitying Angels, highest in degree,
In thy last agonies shall strengthen Thee.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XX.

"All is vanity."

Yes! all is vanity on which we lean,
That passing earth can yield or time supply;
In heaven alone the durable is seen—
Realities that neither fade nor die.
The day of death, a day of truth will prove,
And for that day should thought and action move.

XXI.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow."

VAINLY the Preacher to the worldlings cries,
"Shadows ye are, and shadows ye pursue!"*
The Ear refuses, but unwilling Eyes
Wake in Eternity to find it true.

XXII.

"Fight the good fight."

A SOLEMN truth is Death—
Not Life itself more sure :
Whatever ills betide, how strong soe'er the fight—
The Fight of Faith—
Trust thou in Christ, and to the end endure,
And by his *Manhood's* wounds rise to his *Godhead's*
light.

* Burke.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XXIII.

"In him is no darkness at all."

WATCHMAN—waiting for the call
To break thy prison's dreary womb,
What of thy night?
"There is no darkness here at all."
The light that shivered Peter's chain,
The light that blinded zealous Saul,
The light of *both** worlds here hath lain,
Dispelled the darkness of the tomb,
And all to Faith is bright!

XXIV.

"Well done, good and faithful."

THOUGH great and terrible the day of doom,
As God's own word in awful colour paints,
Yet dwell not, Christian—only on the gloom,
The falling stars, red moon, and darken'd sun;
That day shall bring "refreshment to the saints,"
As Christ's life-breathing words they hear—"Well
done!"

* "I am the light of the world." "The Lamb is the light."

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XXV.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

WHAT of the harvest, Sower, say ?
Stand golden sheaves in long array ;
Or is the product of thy toil
But idle tares, that vex and spoil ?

SOWER—be wise—ere comes the day,
To gather up or cast away,—
Sow to the spirit—broad and deep,
And of the spirit thou shalt reap.

XXVI.

"At home in the body, we are absent from the Lord."

LIFE is the Jordan that divides
The Christian from his heavenly home ;
And sorrows are but angel guides
To worlds where sorrows never come.
Bodies, our weight and hindrance seem ;
Oh, for the hour to burst the cord,
Lay down the burthen, cross the stream,
And be for ever with the Lord !

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XXVII.

"Oh, spare me yet a little!"

Oh! well does Holy Church her children teach
From "sudden death" deliverance to pray—
Oh! safer by degrees our home to reach—
The longest road oft proves the nearest way.
Then—"Spare us, Lord!"—be still our humble cry,
And of thy mercy give us time to die.

XXVIII.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

Not for the grovelling sons of earth
Does Michael fight or Gabriel fly,
Or Raphael sing;
But for the few, whom heavenly birth
Hath given th' adoring eye,
And prayer a seraph's wing.
The joy in heaven that angels feel,
Is when the contrite soul is seen to kneel,
And tears repentant spring.
Ye, then, who seek the holy angels' care,
Be that in which their sympathies can share:
Then through life's trials they shall bear ye up,
And strengthen you to drink life's last and bitterest cup.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XXIX.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

CHOOSE between God and Mammon.—One will bring
As once to Achan—the accursed thing,
Forbidden spoil, thy virtue to assail;
Present, like Jael, gifts on "lordly dish,"
All that can gratify thy want or wish,
And hide the while the hammer and the nail.—
GOD calls to conflict—self-denial stern;
Bids thee for him thy life itself lay down,
That in the school of trial thou mayst learn
To train thy soul for an eternal crown.

XXX.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will
I fear no evil."

WERE there no darkness, stars were lost to sight;
Flowers give their sweetest odours to the night;
Thus the black grave the hopeful Christian hails,
Sees effluent light, and scents ambrosial gales,
And the dark valley knows to be the way
To endless pleasures and eternal day.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XXXI.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

SOLDIER of Christ—thou warrior tied
And bound by holiest vow,
Oh! what hast thou to do with rest and ease?
Still wipe thy manly brow,
Strengthen thy feeble knees,
And but with life thine armour lay aside.
For yet a little while
When thou on thy last enemy hast trod,
Shalt enter with a smile
On rest eternal—yea! the rest of God!

XXXII.

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake."

Who bids the humble daisy pass
From winter's sleep, to deck my grave?
And who with verdure clothes the grass,
And still upholds the life He gave?
The Lord of Life!—the grass, the flower,
He quickened and will still sustain;
And by the same Almighty power
My dust shall rise to life again.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XXXIII.

"Not dead, but sleepeth."

THEY are not dead—but slumber taking—
Who die in Christ indeed !
Beware ! lest from thy sleep awaking,
The "SECOND DEATH" succeed.

XXXIV.

"This night shall thy soul be required."

MEASURE thy life by action, not by space ;
Nor sing that *requiem* to thy soul—"content !"
The reckoning follows on the feast apace :
And when the day of vanity is spent,
Comes *nature's* terror—judgment's awful night,
Extinguishing at once *delight* and *light*.

XXXV.

"Except ye see signs and miracles, ye will not believe."

If on my brow Christ's cross I wore,
And in my daily walk I bore ;
Did He, a spirit right impart,
Renew my soul, and change my heart,
No other miracle or sign
I ask to prove that faith is mine.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XXXVI.

"A contrite heart thou wilt not despise."

TERROUR—The dread of doom—Despair—
May wring from guilt the bitter prayer,
Yet pardon fail to win;
But sorrow's broken heart runs o'er
With penitential tears, and more
Than punishment—hates sin.
God! give us contrite souls for guilt,
And then deal with us as thou wilt.

XXXVII.

"It is good to be here."

How thin the barrier between Earth and Heaven!
Oh in this holy spot
Sweet voices we may hear,
And Angels' silver wings
Seem rustling near
All speak of solemn things
Calming each fear,
Drying each tear,
And purifying hearts from Earth's corrupting leaven.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XXXVIII.

"He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

DEAR to our God—most dear
Are grace and piety in youth !
Still dearer is the hoary head sincere,
Found in the way of holiness and truth !
The pillar of our hope is—*persevere* !
This hope, if thou wouldst save,
Let thy first love to thy last hour be seen ;
Carry thy goodness to the grave,
*Nor let thy riper years disgrace thy green.

XXXIX.

"Blessed, who going through this vale of misery, use it for a well."

BLESSED, indeed, who life's long passage through
Find healing virtues which all troubles hide,
Suck from each bitter herb nectareous dew,
And sweeten with the Cross e'en Marah's tide ;
Safer they deem to tread their Lord's highway,
Though in affliction's path, their feet may bleed,
Safer and better with their Lord to stay,
Though to Gethsemane his footsteps lead !

* Blair.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XL.

"When he thought thereon, he wept."

HAST thou with Peter sinned, with Peter weep ;
Let conscience bring thee to repentant dust—
Awake—arise—shake off thy fatal sleep ;
If the *cock* rouse thee not—Death's clarion must !

XLI.

"Lord, what is man?"

THE sun smiles daily on these humble graves ;
And whilst the moon with holy light
And silver radiance laves
Our narrow cells,
The stars look down in squadrons bright,
Or planets pace, unwearied sentinels.
Lord, what is man ? Though ages roll,
And the same lights illumine the Pole ;
Lo, " in the twinkling of an eye,"
Sun, moon, and stars in wild disorder fly ;
Their fires extinct, unknown their place ;
Whilst here, the meanest dust that lies,
Shall in thine image then arise,
And meet thee " face to face !"

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XLII.

"A garden inclosed is my sister."

CLEAVE to the Church,—as to *her mother*, Ruth,—
*Inclosed for safety, none would she exclude ;
All means of grace are hers—all precious truth,
Spikenard and myrrh their odorous gales exude :
If for her children—yet beyond her walls,
E'en on a scoffing world, her perfume falls,
Which, but for her, no savour would receive,—
With holy love, then, to thy mother cleave !

XLIII.

"He laid his hands upon them, and blessed them."

MEEK child ! if thou hadst known Elisha's sight,
Thou hadst not mock'd, nor had the Prophet cursed ;
But, like the offspring of the Shunammite,
With double life the Man of God had nursed.
Hadst thou seen CHRIST—upon thy favoured head
His holy hands had been in blessing spread.
Fear not—the blessing is reserved for Thee—
Prophet and Saviour both thou yet shalt see.

• Donne.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XLIV.

" Oh, fickle and perverse generation."

Not all who shout Hosannas here,
In Heaven shall Hallelujahs sing;
The offering only is sincere,
When heart and soul to God we bring.
The world and its false friend—the flesh,
Murder the Lord of life " afresh,"
Greet him with songs of triumph now,
And spread their garments in the way,
And strew his path with palms to-day;—
O height of guilt—O depth of sorrow,—
To bind with thorns his holy brow,
And part his robe, and crucify to-morrow!

XLV.

" Your fathers—where are they?"

" WHERE are our Fathers?" asked we, with a sigh;
And "*Where?*"—was Echo's sad and sole reply:
But FAITH, with solemn finger pointing, said,
" Seek ye no more the living with the dead;
Look up—and know, in dust your fathers sleep,—
But all to God committed, God will keep."

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XLVI.

"But he drew not his sword, for he feared."

FOR life or death, at God's command,
Thou Christian soldier, ready stand.
Whate'er he bid, where'er he send,
Show an obedient heart;
For he who chose thee will defend,
And fit thee for thy part.
Bitter the curse on Meroz poured
For cowardice or doubt;—
Not that she fought *against* the Lord,
But that "she came not out."

XLVII.

"If by any means I may attain."

HEAVEN is not had for asking,
Nor won at a last breath;
Think of thy Saviour's tasking—
Toil, agony, and death!
By "*any means*," who gaineth
A heritage with saints,
Deems light the load that paineth,
From first to last nor faints.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XLVIII.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."

"OH, let me like the righteous die !"

Is Nature's universal cry :

"Live like the righteous," if we say,—

*Poor Nature sighs and turns away,
Hard the condition deems, and cost,
And thus immortal souls are lost.

XLIX.

"Love not the world."

STEAL from the world awhile, and seek

From all its sorrows respite here ;—

And let this quiet churchyard speak

Its lesson to thy soul,—and rear

Altars to wisdom all around :

Tongues are in every sculptured stone—

An oracle each grassy mound,

Pleading with eloquence their own.—

The cause of Heaven, their solemn theme,

The certain death—the curse of sin ;

Cleansing the heart with healing stream,

That holy thoughts may enter in.

* Young.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LIV.

"There remaineth a rest."

COMBAT and strife below ;—
Rest is for saints alone,
In realms of light !—
Here GRACE shall strength bestow,
And cordials for the fight,
But GLORY through the grave is won.
The joys of earth from conquest must arise ;
From peace will come the joys of Paradise.

LV.

"Set thine house in order."

LET no ill-ordered house thy soul rebuke
When trying sickness bodes thy hour at hand ;
Think not too much of ZENAS and of LUKE—
But at thy pillow BARNABAS should stand,
Faithful and welcome as the wandering dove
That told the Patriarch of enlargement near ;
Strengthening thy soul with offices of love,—
Songs of deliverance pouring in thine ear.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LVI.

"I die daily."

"THAT life is long which answers life's great end,—
The man of wisdom is the man of years,"*
Death comes to him as a familiar friend,
Far worthier of his welcome smiles than tears :
And he can part with life without a sigh
Whose daily living is—to daily die.

LVII.

"Take away the filthy garments from him, and let them set a
fair mitre on his head."

THOUGH rags and wretchedness thy state,
Yet to the end endure !
Think of the glories that await
True hearts and spirits pure.
Rather beg bitter bread below—
Like Lazarus—in pain,
Than in unpitied Dives' woe
Beg *water*—but in vain :
Yet rags may serve to cover pride,
And purple, humble hearts may hide.

* Young.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LVIII.

"What are they which are arrayed in white robes?"

BEFORE the throne of God there stand
A holy and thrice happy band;
Though these, on earth but seemed to know
Pre-eminence in grief—
Yet light they deemed their heaviest woe,
Their longest trial brief.
Not dear their lives, the wanderers trod
The desert cave—the mountain sod,*
No covering but the fleece;†
Faint-hearted Christian—think of these—
Their worldly pains—their heavenly ease,
And take thy lot in peace!

LIX.

"Lettest thou thy servant depart."

"DEATH's terror is the mountain Faith removes;"‡
And Death the strength of Faith but tries and proves.
Embrace thy Saviour more as years increase,
And then, with Simeon, depart in peace.

* They wandered in deserts and on mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

† They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins.

‡ Young.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LX.

"The door was shut."

THERE lives not but who knows that he must die ;
There lives not who knows *how*, or *when*, or *where* ?
Not when the door is shut, for mercy cry,
But whilst the day of grace is thine, prepare ;
No thoughts of death true happiness defer—
E'en in thy garden build a sepulchre.

LXI.

"Judge yourselves, that ye be not judged of God."

SINCE at God's dread tribunal thou must stand,
Let thy heart judge and execute its worst ;
Let faithful conscience take the cause in hand,
And stay a *latter* judgment by a *first*.
Of future suffering he disarms the fear,
Who sorrows deeply for transgressions here.

LXII.

"Before I was afflicted I went wrong."

HAPPY the sorrow, healthful the disease,
That brings repentant sinners to their knees !
And as the wood once sweetened Marah's spring,
The cross removes death's bitterness and sting ;
And the last hour on earth Believers know,
The first of victory proves o'er every foe.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXIII.

"What thou doest, do quickly."

If unperformed good wish or vow,
For God—His church—His poor—
Or thine own soul,—perform it now,
And seal it and secure.
Good deeds angelic records swell,
While good intentions sink to Hell.*

LXIV.

"He that believeth in me shall never die."

How many deaths has sin !
For sin, death *all* must rue ;—
In sin how many die !
To sin,—alas, how few !
Yet Christ, who is our life,
Deliverance hath brought in,
The sting of death has drawn,
Destroyed the strength of sin.
And still is heard that touching cry—
"Ye will not come !—Why will ye die ?"

* The saying of an ancient father.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXV.

"Tush! say they, shall God see it?"

Of little sins beware—

Nor part with those which thou canst spare,

That—of thy darling sins afraid—

Thy conscience thou mayst hush.

Think that of drops and sands, are made

The billows that engulf—the mountains that may crush.

LXVI.

"One communion and fellowship in the mystical body of thy Son."

THINK on the holy dead,

Who bore the cross on high!

The martyr host, whose blood was shed,

Whose spirits yet are nigh!

For still beside that cross they dwell—

The church of Christ invisible.

They are around us now—

Their very voices call;

They witnessed our baptismal vow;

They mourn a brother's fall:

When Faith grows dim and hope seems gone—

The DEAD IN CHRIST shall cheer ye on.

C.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXVII.

"To try thee and to prove thee."

PILGRIM, each day on Pisgah stand,
And view by faith the promised land ;
And thou wilt see just cause to bless
The trials of the wilderness.

LXVIII.

"Is it well with the child?"

It is well!—nor would we our babe recall :
And soothing and sweet are the tears that fall ;—
But a few brief pangs on his mother's breast,
And we laid him down in his holy rest ;
Ere the world its snares around him threw,—
His brow yet bright with baptismal dew.

It is well! since the Saviour's word is given,
That of such as our child is the host of Heaven !
No struggle for him—no doubts or fears,
His young cheek spared repentant tears.
It is well! and we "hear" and adore "the rod,"
For the wielding hand was the hand of God !

C.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXIX.

"At the day of judgment, good Lord! deliver us."

By thy sacred body riven,
And thy blood for sinners shed,—
By thy glorious throne in Heaven,
By thy rising from the dead ;
Thou—the dying hour who cheerest
With bright thoughts of bliss to be ;—
When in glory thou appearest,
Jesu, Judge, remember me ! C.

LXX.

"The God of Peace preserve your whole spirit, soul, and body
blameless till the coming of JESUS CHRIST."

We have not lost the dead ;—they do but rest,
As weary pilgrims, with life's journey tired ;
The mouldering bodies of the saints are blest,—
As vases, which the Holy Spirit fired
With light of righteous deeds : and therefore tread
With awe the silent City of the Dead !
These earthy mounds, by God's own voice inspired,
Shall at the resurrection morn arise,
All glorified in form, to seek the skies. C.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXI.

"He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."

BLEST promise of our God !

Thou who hast triumphed o'er the thrones of earth,
Blighting the proudest hopes of proudest birth ;
Thou who hast visited the peasant's cot,
Where fond hearts mourned the loved one who was
not ;

Boundless as is thy reign, o'er earth and sea,
Thou shalt be swallowed up in victory !

Broken thine iron rod !

Grief is for sons of clay :

Pilgrim, through life's rough desert journeying on,
Mourning at each fresh stage some treasure gone ;—
Mother, whose gentle heart is sorely riven
For some bright flower recalled to bloom in heaven :
Whether in penitence ye sigh—or weep
Those blessed ones, who safe in Jesus sleep—

Tears shall be wiped away !

C.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXII.

"Fellow-citizens with the saints."

COMMUNION with the dead !
Sweetly that doctrine falls
Upon the aching heart; when read
Within God's holy walls.
What hope and comfort in our woe,
What joy to grief, it lends,—
With the CHURCH MILITANT, to know
The CHURCH TRIUMPHANT blends ! C.

LXXIII.

"What wouldst thou ?—Lord, that I may receive my sight."

CAPTIVES within the darksome tomb,
O Lord, we pray "Thy kingdom come !"
We that awhile our bed have made
Within the church's holy shade,
Long for that morn, our humble trust,
To rise all-glorious from the dust,—
Join the triumphant church and Thee
In light and immortality.

C.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXIV.

"For what is your life?"

*LIKE to a ship that leaves no trace,
Or bird that seeks her resting-place,
Or arrow in its trackless flight,
Or guest that tarries but a night,—
E'en so is life,—and man may see
In *fleetest* things its brevity.—
The ship is past, the bird is flown,
The arrow sped, the guest is gone. C.

LXXV.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Oh, glorious doctrine, gracious sound,
And full of peace to Christian hearts!
Whilst nature, in her varying round,
The same sweet soothing truth imparts:
The rising and the setting sun,—
The seasons as their course they run;
The very flowers that clothe the field,
The same bright lessons ever yield;
God speaking out with silent power,
Through type of season, sun, and flower. C.

* Quarles.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXVI.

"The righteous are taken from the evil to come."

WHAT ills of every hue and shape—
What unknown sorrows yet to be—
The righteous by their death escape,
The warfare past—the captive free!
As with Josiah,* so with them;
For God, a tender heart to save
The woes that rent Jerusalem,
Brought him in peace unto his grave.

LXXVII.

"Escape for thy life."

THE old world laughed to scorn
The righteous Noah and the avenging rain:
Bright rose the fatal morn,
When fire destroyed the cities of the plain.
From tombs and graves here warning voices cry;
At such an hour as least ye think—ye die:
Will ye such voice disdain?
Up, for your lives,—Eternity is nigh!

* 2 Kings, xxii. 20.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXVIII.

"It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen."

A JOY it is, each Christian knows,
That Jesus died to save !
But fuller joy—to know he rose,
And conquered death and grave !
Christ has in Heaven "prepared a place"—
Then for that place prepare,—
And risen from sin, to share his grace,
From dust—his glory share. C.

LXXIX.

"Thou knowest not which shall prosper."

MANY or few thy days decreed,
Perform all good thy heart has plann'd ;
Still in the morning sow thy seed,
Nor yet at eve withdraw thy hand.
A victory Gideon had won*
Ere yet the sun in Heaven was strong :
No life too short—its task well done ;
If ill-employed, all life too long.

* Judges, viii.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXX.

Romans, viii. 11.

Know if, in life, the Spirit's holy flame
Warmed every thought to good and pious deeds,
Till—fallen man—a temple meet became
For his abode ;—when the last morn succeeds
The body's sleep, that Spirit's quickening breath
In you shall prove a triumph over death ! C.

LXXXI.

" Every one of us shall give an account to God for himself."

DREADFUL is death to those
Too fond of life, who live and sin
As *time* should never *close*,
Or as *eternity* would ne'er *begin*.
Oh, fatal doting, but to find at last,
Too short the *future* to bewail the *past* !

LXXXII.

" It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THREE happy he who this great truth believes,
Filling his barns with blessings, as with sheaves ;
Sees oil, and corn, and wine increasing spread,
Brought by the poor man's prayers upon his head ;
Prayers, which in days of famine he may feel—
In cruise unwasted, undiminished meal.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXXIII.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

THOU *art* his keeper! and when ceased has time,
When hearts are known, and motives for each deed,
If thy example has seduced to crime,
Thy brother's blood with trumpet tongue shall plead!
And thou must answer at the eternal throne,
His stripes no less—but cumulate thine own;
Whilst he who turned the erring right, shall shine
As the bright stars, within the brightest sign.

LXXXIV.

"Like unto his glorious body."

PROSTRATE in dust I lie—and dumb!
Lord, quickly come,
Thy kingdom haste, accomplish thine elect;
Then, vocal and erect,
This body glorious like thine own shall be,
Fit palace for the soul—to dwell with thee,
"For ever basking in the Deity."*

* Young.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXXV.

"What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?"

READER, howe'er in worldly wisdom wise,
Though wealth and honour, both, to thee belong,
*Earth's highest station ends in "*Here he lies*,"
And "*dust to dust*" concludes her noblest song:
To Heaven's eternal state then lift thine eyes,
And share the strains of its angelic throng.

LXXXVI.

"To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

HUNDREDS around us fall—
The old, the immature!
Still do we stand secure,
No warning heed, and no escape recall;
Death has a thousand shafts, and we defy them all.
And yet
The warrant is gone out for thee,
And sin demands her debt;
The uplifted arm all eyes but thine can see
It strikes—and thou art sealed for all eternity.

* Young.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

LXXXVII.

"So teach us to number our days."

Not by the number of thy days
Count thou thy life ;
But as the hero, by his victories,
Would tell his age,
So thou, by conquered sins and good achieved.
Twice does he live who lives his first years well ;
The golden number—is the days well spent.

LXXXVIII.

"It is God that worketh in you."

TRUST as though Heaven were gained by Faith alone,—
And WORK as though all *Merit* were thine own :
LIVE as though *Gospel* light the world ne'er saw,—
But DIE as thou hadst never read the *Law*.

LXXXIX.

"As the outward man decayeth, the inward man is renewed."

STILL as thy body nearer draws to earth,
With heavenly thoughts prepare and dress thy heart ;
And for the gifts which perish in their birth,
Seek wealth from which thy soul shall never part :
Make thy *false Heaven below*,—and thou shalt prove
No part hast thou in the *true Heaven above*.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XC.

"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord."

Oh, trifle not with a long-suffering God,
Better the stripe than the suspended rod !
Though Heaven forbearance shows,
And hides awhile its frown ;
Suns that in mercy rose,
In judgment have gone down.

XCI.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."

REJOICE, young man ! delight thee in thy youth—
To pleasure give thine eyes, thy heart, thy mind ;
Folly assents, unmindful of the truth,
That death and judgment follow close behind.
Up, for thy journey,—short enough the day,—
Nor bind thy brow with rosebuds on the way !

XCII.

"I have finished my course."

BODY and soul have each a race,
But they run not an equal pace :
Alas ! how often do we find
The slothful soul is far behind !
So run, that soul and body blend,
And life and "course" together end.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XCIII.

"The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."

Go, take thy lot in peace, however hard ;
The lowest oft are high in God's regard !
Who would not be a Lazarus to day,
The meanest leper whom the dogs despise,
If, after death, by angels borne away,
In Abraham's bosom he for ever lies.

XCIV.

"A light shined in the prison."

DEATH and the grave,—how sad a phrase, and jars
On worldly ears, and fills them with affright !
Not so of death and grave do Christians read ;
Angels they are who burst their prison bars,
And from a land of death and darkness, lead
To the true land of living and of light !

XCV.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die."

Is it for perfect happiness we sigh,
The life unknown to sorrows and to snares ?
Yet, inconsistent, still from death we fly,
By which alone are realized our prayers !
Dote not on life—that thou mayst fear to die ;
Live—that death may not meet thee unawares.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XCVI.

"Or life or death, all are yours."

DID holy Peter's shadow healing give*
To those whom Faith had placed within its reach ;
Be it a type to us,—and Christians teach,
Beneath the SHADOW OF THE CROSS to live.
Here every germ of life and health shall spring,
Here shall the Spirit's graces keep their wing ;
And "more than conq'rors," through this sign held fast,
Our greatest triumph here shall be our last.

XCVII.

"And he shall separate them one from another."

THERE is no intermediate space
Between the "right and left," or honour or disgrace,—
"Depart, ye cursed !" or, "Ye blessed, come !"
The only sentence that shall meet the ear,
Of woe to many, but of joy to some,
At the great Judgment-day !—
Oh, think of this, and fear,
And fearing, pray.

* Acts, v. 15.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

XCVIII.

"Let him do what seemeth him good."

INSTINCTS—affections—must lie still,
In meek obedience to God's will.
Oh, give me children, or I die,
Impatient Rachel sighed :
Granted, but punished was the cry—
She travailed,* and she died !

XCIX.

"We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge."

MORE awful thought can dying sinner meet,
To know his Judge is God's rejected Son ?—
More precious truth can dying Christian greet,
"That Saviour, Advocate, and Judge are one !"

C.

"The Lord knoweth them that are his."

A NAME—in Epitaphs—a man may leave,
And cheat the world with fair external show,
But GOD and CONSCIENCE no man can deceive,
For both, the secrets of his heart must know.
Oh, make your peace with these, ere Trial come !
And find the Judge Accuser,—Witness dumb.

* Twice.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CI.

" My record is in Heaven."

OH, words of joy for Christian mourners sent,
Oh, sound of horror to the sinner's ear !
Loud warning to the thoughtless to repent,
New motives to the just to persevere ;
Thy Cross and passion interpose, dear Lord,
And from thy book blot out each adverse word.

CII.

" Be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace."

IF, at death's sleep, thy mind on God be stayed,
Of peaceful waking be not thou afraid ;—
Sleep not in sin when comes that awful night,
Or thou shalt wake to judgment in affright.*

CIII.

" Here am I—for thou didst call me."

NONE can be good too soon ;—give life's young morn
Thy best, first fruits to God,—and not the lees :
†The orient pearl, of morning dew, is born ;
Who would have *manna*, at the dawn must seize ;
Whene'er, whate'er the call—to live or die,
Say, with obedient Samuel, " HERE AM I."

* Bishop Hall.

† An Eastern saying.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CIV.

"Leaving us an example."

THE Lord of glory came,—
Anguish and agony endured,
Despised the shame,
To make with God our peace assured,
And to his people deigned a path to show.
Urge, then, the glorious strife,
And for thy *pattern* take his *life*,
That for thy *portion* thou his *death* mayst know.

CV.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

HIS Eden lost—the world a waste,
Sin entered in,
And death by sin,
A cup of bitterness which all must taste
Who hope a better Paradise to find,
And leave both sin and death behind:
Yet *Christ* gives more than was in Adam lost,
And *Sin* proclaims at what unbounded cost.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CVI.

" As the days of Noe were."

To buy and sell—to plant and build,—
We deem the *end of life* fulfilled ;
Nor till our *life has ended*, find
They reap the storm who sow the wind.
Immortal Spirits !—higher aim !
Let nobler thoughts those souls inflame,
That hope for an eternal crown,—
The ARK shall swim, when *Cities* drown !

CVII.

" Having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

THE heart that's sanctified alone can tell
Of Holy Poverty the gain and bliss :
Princes have yielded sceptres for a cell,
And Saints exchanged all worldly wealth for this.

No weight encumbers, no remembrance clings,
To hold the spirit, by this grace possessed ;
The message comes,* and spreading her free wings,
The soul flies out to her eternal rest.

* Bishop Hall.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CVIII.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

LEAVE not repentance to a dying hour,—
But *sickly* sorrows to *sick*-beds we trace ;
The day of health is still the day of power,
Not more for works of Nature than of Grace.
If thy repentance be from godly sorrow,
Thou from life's calendar wilt strike—*to-morrow*.

CIX.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c.

BEAR up, tried Christian, knowing the full weight
Of each affliction that befalls thee here ;
But of the joys of Heaven's immortal state,
Nor heart conceives, unknown to eye or ear !
Then draw not back, the glorious land so near,
A moment longer—thou hast reached the gate.

CX.

"O that they would consider their latter end !"

WORK in the present hour—
Improve the passing tide !
Nor let those cares thy time devour,
Which only should divide :
The truest wealth the soul should crave,
Is that which shall survive the grave.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CXI.

"This is the gate of Heaven."

SIN is the sting of death, and but for sin,
To this fair world death had not entered in ;
Sin, death's beginning,—Death, sin's *end* shall be,
At once the curse and remedy we view ;
Of Paradise, Death keeps the gate and key,
And they who pass to glory must go through.

CXII.

"Is not the sound of his master's feet behind him."

ACQUAINT thyself with death, as with thy friends,—
In every shape his voice and warning greet :
Examine well each messenger he sends,
And hear in them the coming "master's feet."
Thus watchful live, and thou shalt never see
Death's final presence, where thou wouldst not be.

CXIII.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

"HAPPY release," survivors cry, that brings
Escape from cares and sickness long endured !
But happy only that "release" which springs
From faith unfeigned, strong love, and hope assured.
They "in the Lord who die," the word hath said,
Alone have place among God's blessed dead.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CXIV.

" They endured, as seeing him who is invisible."

SPEAK of the holy dead—not as *resigned*,—
But as of those who die in " joyful hope ;"
'Tis for this hour they languish till they find ;
'Tis for the joys before them that they cope
With cross and shame,—and as their Captain led,
So fought the fight of faith, the holy dead.

CXV.

" Remember death and corruption, and keep the commandments."

WERE all the wisdom of the schools
Into one holy precept thrown,
Compendium of all golden rules
Is that which preaches from this stone.
This law of holy living keep,
Thou mayst as safely die as sleep.

CXVI.

" God is Love."

IF in this word his nature GOD defines,
Then must they love who hope to dwell with Him ;
Confiding LOVE, Faith's brightest deeds outshines,
Adoring LOVE, outburns the Seraphim.
LOVE brought the Saviour, LOVE each action moved—
The more he agonized, the more he loved.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CXVII.

"Comfort one another with these words."

TH' ARCHANGEL's voice hath filled the earth and skies,
And shout and trump descending God declare ;
First at the scene " the Dead in Christ" arise,
While Saints transfigured " meet him in the air."
What are life's toils, death's terrors, in their eyes,
Who hope the glories of that hour to share ?

CXVIII.

" And these are contrary."

HERE ends of spirit and of flesh the strife ;
Sin's cause and instrument, each tempting each ;
Purged by the grave, succeeds a better life—
No guilt can touch, and discord cannot reach :
Body and soul, " glorious without," within—
All peace and joy, and, brighter thought, no sin.

CXIX.

" Prepare ye the way."

THUS, from the wilderness, a warning came—
Prepare God's way, by penitence, prepare !
And every silent grave repeats the same—
Repent, whilst penitence its fruit can bear,
Now, in thy Health and Strength, and thou shalt say,
Thy day of DEATH has proved LIFE's happiest day.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CXX.

"When I awake after thy likeness I shall be satisfied with it."

EMBLEMS of death around us lie :

Sleep, and the darkness, and the night,

The falling leaf, the fading light,

The simplest brook that murmurs by—

All speak decay and change, and seem to say,

"Passeth the fashion of this world away."

Another change awaits the just—

The change to splendour out of dust—

The "glorious body" from the "vile,"—

Which no decay can touch, nor sin defile.

Thou great UNCHANGEABLE ! who didst create

"Man in thine image," so wilt thou provide,

That man, from sleep to his eternal state,

"Wake, in thy likeness," blest and "satisfied."

CXXI.

"Thy will be done."

WHATE'ER befall, still more devoutly pray—

To bend thy spirit to thy Maker's will ;

If good shall come, with blessed Mary say,

"*I am thy servant*," be it as thy word,—

And with meek Eli, in extremest ill,

Bow to the chastener, for "*it is the Lord*."

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CXXII.

"Open ThOU mine eyes."

DEATH, the great teacher in a school severe,
Strips the deceitful heart of all disguise;
And what seemed real, shadows now appear,
What we called shadows—stern realities.
Oh, for the guidance of Truth's radiant star,
To see the things of *both* worlds as they are!

CXXIII.

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus."

HAST thou "put on" this garment, pure and fair,
And kept thy "glorious apparel" white—
Not for thy holiday, but daily, wear:
Then art thou fit the bridegroom's feast to share,
A bidden guest, and welcomed with delight.

CXXIV.

"I can do all things through Christ."

THE art of "holy dying" wouldst thou find?—
Seek it in "holy living.—Dost thou ask
Where this great secret lies? then bring thy mind
To crucify the flesh, though hard the task;
Die to the world,—thy early vows recall,
And in his might, who strengthens thee—"do all."

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CXXV.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Who estimates the soul at its true price,
Death, "a deliverer," to him appears;
But to the worldly slave of flesh and vice,
Death a disturber comes, and king of fears.
With death, to one—enjoyment shall *begin*—
But *end* with him whose happiness was sin.

CXXVI.

"He drew a bow at a venture."

LET not thy "venturous" bow assail the dead!
Not at thy judgment-seat, but God's, he stands:
The unerring arrow still demands
The guidance of a Prophet's hands.
While random shafts oft smite the archer's head.

CXXVII.

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."

WHAT is the body but the soul's dull grave?
And earth shall this entomb, and worm devour;
Flesh, from corruption, not the just can save,—
But the soul's death was ever in our power.
When rise the dead at the archangel's call,
Immortal each shall be—would "glorious" all!

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

CXXVIII.

"Wilt thou set thine eyes on that which is not?"

GOD calls to penitence, "TO-DAY,"—
The Fiend suggests "TO-MORROW," and "delay,"—
Each moment brings eternity to some!
Who but incarnate Deity can say,
"Mine hour is not yet come!"

CXXIX.

"When shall I come to appear before God?"

THE souls beneath the altar cry,
"How long, O Lord, how long?"
God suffers their impatient sigh,
Whose love for him is strong.
Thus living saints their death await,
The holy dead their glorious state;
The burden of their plaintive song
Is still, O Lord, how long!

CXXX.

"Surgite Mortui!"

WHATE'ER delay life's quivering taper seeks,—
A moment! and the spirit wings its flight;
And in a moment, when the angel speaks,
Body and soul shall hear, and reunite.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

VALEDICTORY.

"The words of Job are ended."

YE who with me, beneath the yew's deep shade,
Or through the silent cities of the dead,
Have sat or wandered—this long visit paid,—
Our voice is hushed, our solemn words are said.

If holy seriousness hath touched the heart,
If holy sorrow hath bedewed the eyes,—
Not the less braced and strengthened,—we depart
To life's hard duties, and for earth's strong ties.

Let us with patient souls all tasks resume—
How long, how painful, God alone can tell:
Christians! our home lies far beyond the tomb,
There may we meet in peace, and so FAREWELL.

THE END.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden.

Appendix.

A few simple designs for tombs and headstones are appended to this Edition. They may serve, as do the "Epitaphs and Churchyard Thoughts," to furnish hints, of which the Clergy may take advantage in the improvement of their Graveyards. The larger and ornamented cross on a colossal scale would serve for Cemeteries.

APPENDIX.

Death.

MODERNIZED FROM HERBERT.

DEATH—thou wast once a mournful sight—
What we beheld in thee,
Was tuneless chords, extinguished light,
A bare anatomy.
For we but saw thee as thou art,
All sense and feeling gone;
We saw thy flesh to dust depart,
To dryness every bone.
Thou wast a shell—th' imprison'd soul had fled,
Dry earth—demanding tears thou couldst not shed.

What our Redeemer since has made
By faith, we see thee now—
In grace and gaiety array'd,
And gladness on thy brow;—
We see thee, as we hope to view
On that triumphant day,
When old things shall become as new,
Immortal in thy beauty's hue—
Victorious o'er decay.
Wherefore in sleep, or death, in God we trust,
And make our pillows either down or dust.

APPENDIX.

The Blessed Dead.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—REV. xiv. 13.

THE blessed dead! An angel spake
A truth the loved Apostle taught;
And through our darkest tears shall break
The light of this triumphant thought.
Yea, blessed are the dead who die
In Jesus' faith, with Jesus' love—
They in his holy bosom lie,
Above all doubt—all fear above.

The blessed dead!—the heart in vain
Attempts to reach their perfect bliss;
Though hid from us the joys they gain,
We know the sorrows which they miss.
We feel the warfare and the strife,
And they nor pain nor trouble know;
They drink from out the well of life,
We drain the mingled cup of woe.

The blessed dead!—with God they walk,
And see their Saviour face to face
With patriarchs, prophets, saints they talk,
And whom by faith they knew embrace.

APPENDIX.

The loved and parted now unite,
In closer, holier bonds to tread
Where all is permanent and bright—
God's palace of the blessed dead.

O Thou! the holy, just, and true,
If in thy Word we faintly trace,
And through a glass we darkly view
Some glimpses of that happy place ;
O guide us by thy Spirit here,
Grant, by the blood for sinners shed,
Fruition full and vision clear
To us among thy BLESSED DEAD.

APPENDIX.

The End of Time.

REVELATIONS I.

ROBED in a cloud, the angel of the Lord,
With face of light, with feet of fire came down ;
The rainbow, gem of mercy, was his crown,
Like lion's roar the thunder of his word ;
One foot upon the sea, one foot on land
Was placed, to indicate his wide command :
With arm upstretched an open scroll he bore,
By Him that lives for aye he swore,
That Time should be no more.

Sinner ! when Time shall be no more,
Then fraud, and theft, and lie,
Then unclean thoughts, and fouler deeds,
And cruelty, and lust that leads
To doubt and to deny—
Then these shall be no more.

Intemperate joys, a thoughtless brood,
False mirth, a heart from God averse,
Then slanderous lips, the bitter curse,
Feet swift to shedding blood—
Then these shall be no more.

APPENDIX.

Sinner ! when Time shall be no more,
Then shall Eternity begin ;
Then judgment come, the dread decree,
The fire, the worm reserved for thee,
Sad recompence of sin ;

And thee, presumptuous, who would shine
With proud self-merit's boastful mien,
And all who dare, dear Saviour, lean
On any arm but thine.

Christian ! when Time shall be no more,
Then persecution's brand or jeer,
Then want, and pain, and fell disease,
The drooping hands, the feeble knees,
Then doubt, and hope, and wish sincere,
E'en faith shall be no more.

O thou, ere Time's short moments end,
May on each mind convincing grace,
Fix a clear transcript from on high ;
The record there may mercy nigh
And saving blood efface,
Jesu, the meek one's Friend !

Lord, hear the prayer thy servants pour ;
May we sweet union know,

APPENDIX.

O grant no object of our love,
Without us reach thy realms above,
None sink in flames below,
When Time shall be no more.

My Sister's Grave.

DEAR Mary! well may Nature keep
Her quiet watch where thou art laid;
Upon thy grave soft sunbeams sleep,
And moonlight casts a tender shade.

And stars look down with eyes so calm;
At early dawn or twilight dim
The woodlark trills his matin psalm,
The redbreast chants his vesper hymn.

So undisturbed is all we view,
To fancy's eye the skies assume
A canopy of deeper blue,
And greener verdure decks thy tomb.

APPENDIX.

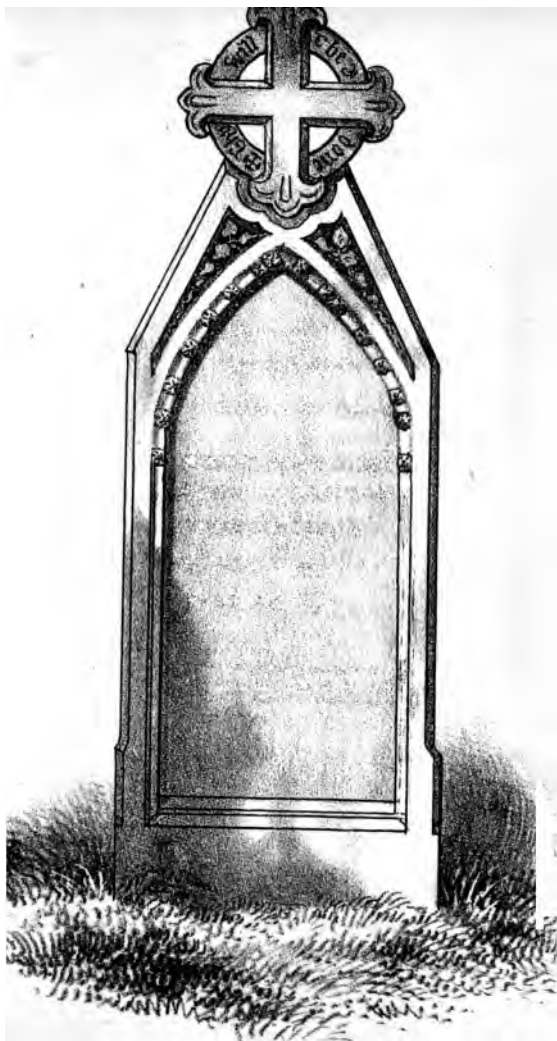
Thus all conspires from first to last,
To form a fitting shrine for thee,
Thy life, thy death, and death o'erpast,
All-beautiful simplicity !

J. S. 1854.

The lithograph is a fac-simile of the stone erected to the memory of one who, when the "Master called," could say with humble joy, "Lord, I come." She lies in the Churchyard of Ryston, Norfolk, than which a more quiet and beautiful home for the dead could not be selected.

Her Epitaph.

BESIDE still waters and in pastures green,
Led by her God, she passed to age serene ;
Tranquil life's current, painless its release,
Guileless her spirit, and her end was peace.





APPENDIX.

**A Tribute to the Memory of the late Marquis
of Bute.**

DIED MARCH 18, 1848.

"*Si monumentum queris, circumspice.*"

'Tis not thy station, nobly though maintained,
Thy ermine spotless, and thy name unstained ;
'Tis not thy wealth, though prodigal thy lot,
For in that wealth thy life consisted not ;
Nor that the blaze of heraldry was thine,
Ancestral honours of an ancient line,—
'Tis not for these thy monument we raise,
Or finds an echo in all hearts thy praise.

Thine was a talent little understood,
Beyond all price,—the talent to do good,
An energy divine from love that springs.
Thine were " imperial acts, and worthy kings,"
Deeds which on fame's immortal height should stand,
For virtue dignified what talent planned ;
And shone in all thy charity designed,
The moral grandeur of a noble mind.
" Seek we his monument ? Oh, look around !"
What once was mean is now in marble found ;

APPENDIX.

And if to hear his epitaph we seek,
Let schools endowed and churches planted speak.
Speak, laughing vales, in beauty hills arrayed ;
Speak, ocean mastered, and earth's wealth displayed
The bonds of ignorance unloosed, disease
Stripped of its horrors : these, and more than these—
The stores of knowledge, and the means of grace ;
The light that brightened in the peasant's face ;
Tears dried by kindness on the orphan's cheek ;
The widow's gladdened heart,—yes ! all shall speak !

Oh ! could we in a single word comprise
Unwearied zeal, unbounded charities,
The motive high and pure, and faith the root,
The pen of Truth should write the name of BUTE.



APPENDIX.

**Lines to the Memory of George Edward Anson,
Esq.**

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE QUEEN, PRIVY PURSE. &c.

WHO DIED OCT. 8, 1849, IN HIS 38TH YEAR.

"I speak of that which I do know, and testify of that which I have seen."

NURTURED in palaces—soft phrase
And gentle tones, the place reflects ;
There all the courtiers' winning ways"
The tongue adopts, the heart *affects*.
But Anson, to each feeling *true*,
Thy nature kind, thy manners bland,
Each royal act more royal grew,
Grace was more graceful in thy hand.

Thine office was love's labour bright,
Genuine was every look and tone,
All acts of goodness thy delight.
Thou mad'st another's gift thine own :
Kindness administered by thee,
Reflected by a kindred mind,
All, all was doubled in degree,
Refinement's self was more refined.

For Anson royal eyes are dim—
Not more a servant than a friend—

APPENDIX.

And heartfelt tears have flowed from him
By whom these humble lines are penned.
In manhood's prime, whilst yet 'twas day,
His bright meridian sun went down ;
But Faith and Hope assured can say,
Only to serve a nobler crown.



APPENDIX.

A Thought for One slandered in his Grave.

"Qui capit, ille facit."

If to departed worth a tomb we raise,
Not only should we have the good man's praise,
But e'en Detraction's malice may conspire
To make the fabric perfect and entire!—
Not more the honour of the truly great
From honest eulogy than acrid hate :
Woe unto those who have the general song—
When all would praise, there must be something wrong.
The partial voice of Friendship most may claim,
But Slander's tongue is unsuspected fame :
Some *bitter* herbs upon the corpse we spread,
But with sweet spices we embalm our dead.
Ah, fie upon the insect tribes who save
Their hoarded venom to defile the grave !

APPENDIX.

Stanzas to the Memory of Captain JF—

OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE,

WHO FELL IN THE UNSUCCESSFUL ASSAULT OF THE RUSSIAN

JUNE 18, 1855.

“The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.”

AMONGST the glorious brave
Who sleep near CATHCART'S HILL,
There lieth one
Than whom a braver could not fill
A warrior's grave.
A widow's only son !
By the strong cord of duty drawn,
Ties—nearest, dearest—wealth and ease
Life's brightest hopes in manhood's day
He could surrender these.
Yes, he renounced them all
(Not in vain-glorious pride)
At honour's call,
And bravely died.

Where frowns Sebastopol's dark bristling height,
Where thickest was the fight,

APPENDIX.

In the assault's first brunt,
Covered with wounds he fell, and every wound in front.
No sound of victory met his ear,
His dying hour to cheer,
In that disastrous day,
When England's noblest blood seemed to be thrown
away.

What hopes within that soldier's grave
Lie crushed !

What life-long sorrow, scarcely hushed
By pitying angels who would save
The mourners from despair !

Oh, throbbing hearts be still !
Bend to the Chastener's will.
Think of *her* sorrow—as an only Son
Hung on the Cross—the Holy One—
And find your comfort there.

First of the "Noble Army," they
Who, living martyrs day by day,
With fainting steps their path appointed run ;
And though their bleeding wounds are never healed,
Oft as their cause of trial is revealed,
They can look up and say
"Thy will be done."

APPENDIX.

Oh, Christian mourner ! be it ever thine,
To find thy sorrow touched by ray divine ;
A sun-like beauty then shall grief assume,
And faith and patience lead thee to the tomb.

APPENDIX.

[The two Poems that follow are by the female relative to whom this volume is inscribed, and by whom the "Epitaphs" and "Thoughts" signed C. were contributed. They serve as vigorous tendrils to ornament, as it were, the sapless trunk, and confer honour on the dying branch by their graceful freshness and their luxuriant beauty.]

Christmas Morning¹.

MORN of the world's new birth ! from chime to chime
Breathing thy song of Peace. On Seraph-wing
The glorious notes are borne. Through endless time,
That strain shall Glory to the Godhead bring.
Again thou dawnest : and earth's children meet
For Home's pure pleasures and its converse sweet ;
Alas, that mortal should to mortal cling !
For us the Angel-bands a message bear.
A note of woe, upon the music-burthened air.

One Angel lingers in those star-lit skies,
The messenger of death—and, through the veil
That shrouds the loved one passing from our eyes,
His presence is confest. Though cheeks are pale

¹ On this morning the writer lost her father. See Epitaph 184.

APPENDIX.

With midnight watchings, bitter sobs are stilled ;
With one fond longing is the sad heart filled —
To catch the glance ere fainting nature fail : —
The worst is o'er : the final sigh is given :
And on the Spirit breaks the immortal light of Heaven !

Said I, the worst was o'er ? Oh, not for those
Who tread earth's pathway still ! 'Tis agony
To see those eyes, that made life's sunshine, close
Unmindful of our woe—oh ! can it be
That thou art mindless of thy children's tears,
Thou Bright'ner of our joys from childhood's years ?—
Yes, there are deeper pangs ; for we must see
The shroud enfold thy form—that noble face
Hid from our doting gaze 'neath earth's last resting-
place.

Bitter the grief, to think that cherished form,
The object of our tenderest love and pride,
Through summer's sultry heat and winter's storm,
In the dark chambers of the grave must hide.
Flowers will return, and Spring's sweet influence
make
The torpid earth to light and life awake—
No wakening for thee, no soft spring-tide !
We to the world return, to sin and weep,
And envy thy repose, thy long unbroken sleep.

APPENDIX.

And now upon the stricken heart must come
The full, deep knowledge of the stunning blow ;
Where is the brightness of our joyous home ?
Fled with the sudden stroke that laid thee low.
All weep—for wert thou not the friend of all ?
And blessings mingle with the tears that fall :
What, then, the measure of thy children's woe ?
God of the Widow and the Fatherless,
Be with us in our grief, to comfort and to bless !



APPENDIX.

**On the Death of her Niece, A. F. Gardiner,
an Infant.**

BY THE SAME.

Youngest and fairest of our scattered band,

The Angel's whisper summons thee from earth
To join thy kindred in the Spirits' land ;

Home hath been gladdened by thy gentle mirth
For some brief months, and every eye that smiled
Upon thine infant beauty, radiant child,

Is dim with tears. Alas, the fleeting worth
Of earth's fair idols ! Wherefore wast thou given
To win all hearts, young favourite of Heaven ?

Forbid the thought : we would not call thee back

To tread earth's pilgrimage of sin and tears,
Though there are flowers of hope which strew the track,
And fleeting joys undimmed by human fears.

Thy robe of baptism, unstained and white,
As when the Church's dew-drops blessed our sight

Upon thy tender brow. All that endears
And binds thee to our hearts, but fits thee more
To join the band who with veiled face adore.

Blest be thy mother, though her feet have trod
In Rachel's tearful path, her heart must glow

APPENDIX.

With rapture to have borne and nursed for God
So fair and sweet a being. She doth know
Thine heritage is sure, thy crown is won.
Life's fitful fever ceased ere scarce begun,
She hath the comfort 'mid the mother's woe
To feel that treasure is laid up above
Safe in the arms of Everlasting Love.

And thou art laid in thy long dreamless sleep
Beside the lost ones scarce less pure than thee ;
Angels around thee watchful guard will keep
Till nature's doom, till Time shall cease to be ;
And thy sweet spirit in the unknown land
Will meet gl:d welcome from that kindred band,
Rejoicing that thy spotless soul is free
From earth's temptations, and that thou wilt dwell
For ever with the Lord. Sweet babe, farewell !



APPENDIX.

A Word on Epitaphs.

"WE are still in want of a good collection of posies for churchyards, to replace

Afflictions sore, long time I bore,

and others of that class. Perhaps the simpler and older forms of Epitaph, imploring mercy and peace, would be the most consonant with right feeling; but we would hardly debar our rural population from the 'Sermons in Stones,' which they delight to pore over as they loiter among their fathers' graves before evening service. Only we wish that the poetry and the doctrine put before them were more free from the vulgar extravagancies which now amuse rather than instruct us on village tombstones."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 146.

"No Epitaph, if it comprises more than the age and name of the deceased, and dates, should appear without having been previously submitted to, and approved by, the clergyman of the parish."—MARKLAND.

"The law is explicit, that no Epitaph can be placed either within churches or burial-grounds but by the consent of the clergyman."—DEAN OF SALISBURY'S Charge.

"All should be simple, monitory, Scriptural."—*Ibid.*

APPENDIX.

Tombstones and Headstones.

"I THINK it just possible to conceive a mind that would refuse symbolism altogether; but it is a thing most strange, most inconsistent, that while people now-a-days object to the outward signs and types of hope and faith, there has never been any popular outcry raised against the outward signs and emblems of heathen superstition and infidelity. Christian tombs are every where marked with infidelity (as urns and inverted torches); pious people rejoice in the mark, while the cross is deemed a badge of superstition, and an approach to doctrinal corruption."

And again: "Beautiful, indeed, would be our green churchyards were such monuments as these, crosses of grey stone, scattered under the dark yews, while the villager, with these simple and meaning signs, would find truly 'Sermons in Stones' and Christian doctrine meeting him on his Sunday path. Look at our own cemetery (Exeter) with its varied and hilly ground, how changed would be the now dreary prospect were it studded, not with a cold white pavement of tombs, but with a hundred crosses rising in a hundred varieties of form, some tall and graceful, others thick and massive, some rich with ornament, others stern and simple."

APPENDIX.

Again : " In the church the sculptor should yield to the spirit of the place ; the semblances of the dead should seem rather as men worshipping, or as men that have fallen asleep ¹."—*From a paper on Monuments by the late Dr. ARMSTRONG, Bishop of Grahamstown.*

¹ Vide Frontispiece. The Effigies of Pierre de Bourbon, killed at the battle of Poitiers, 1356. From the tomb in the Dominicans' Church at Paris.



